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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

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LETTERS FROM HON. JOHN Q. ADAMS TO HIS SON, ON THE BIBLE AND ITS TEACHINGS.

LETTER IV.

We were considering the Bible in its historical character, and as the history of a family.—From the moment when the universal history finishes, that of Abraham begins, and thenceforth it is the history of a family of which Abraham is the first; and Jesus Christ the last person; and from the first appearance of Abraham, the whole history appears to have been ordered from age to age expressly to prepare for the appearance of Christ upon earth. The history begins with the first and mildest trials of Abraham's obedience, and the promise as reward of his fidelity, that in "him all the families of the earth should be blessed." The second trial, which required the sacrifice of his son, was many years afterward, and the promise was more explicit, and more precisely assigned as the reward of his *obedience*. There were between these periods two intermediate occasions, recorded in the 15th and 18th chapters of Genesis—on the first of which, the word of the Lord came to Abraham in a vision and promised him he should have a child, from whom a great and mighty nation should proceed, which, after being in servitude 400 years in a strange land, should become the possessors of the land of Canaan from that of Egypt to the river Euphrates. On the second, the Lord appeared to him and his wife, repeated the promise that they should have a child, that "Abraham should surely become a great nation, and that "all the nations of the earth should be blessed in him;" "for I know him, saith the Lord, that he will command his household after him, and that they will keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which He hath spoken of him:" from all which it is obvious that the first of the promises was made as subservient and instrumental to the second—that the great and mighty nation was to be raised as the means in the ways of God's providence for producing the sacred person of Jesus Christ, through whom the perfect sacrifice of atonement for the original transgression of man should be consummated, and by which all the families of the earth should be blessed."

I am so little versed in controversal divinity that I know not whether this xviiith chapter of Genesis has ever been adduced in support of the doctrine of Trinity; there is at least in it an alteration of those divine persons, and of one not a little remarkable which I know not how to explain: if taken in connection with the 19th, it would seem that one of the men entertained by Abraham, was God himself, and the other two were angels, sent to destroy Sodom.

Leaving this, however, let me ask your particular attention to the reason assigned by God for bestowing such extraordinary blessings upon Abraham. It unfolds to us the first and most important part of the superstructure of moral principle, erected upon the foundation of obedience to the will of God. The rigorous trials of Abraham's obedience mentioned in this, and my last letter, were only tests to ascertain his character in reference to the single, and I may say abstract point of obedience. Here we have a precious gleam of light, disclosing what the nature of this will of God was, that he should command his children and his household after him; by which the parental authority to instruct and direct his descendants in the way of the Lord was given him as an authority and enjoined upon him as a duty: and the lessons which he was then empowered and required to teach his posterity were, "to do justice and judgment."—Thus, Obedience to the Will of God, is the first, and all comprehensive virtue taught in the Bible, so the second is Justice and Judgment toward Mankind; and this is exhibited as the result naturally following from the other. In the same chapter is related the intercession of Abraham with God for the preservation of Sodom from destruction: the city was destroyed for its crimes, but the Lord promised Abraham it should be spared if only ten righteous should be found in it: the principle of mercy was therefore sanctioned in immediate connection with that of justice. Abraham had several children; but the great promise of God was to be performed through Isaac alone, and of the two sons of Isaac, Jacob—the youngest—was selected for the foundation of the second family and nation: it was from Jacob that the multiplication of the family began, and his twelve sons were all included in the genealogy of the tribes which afterward constituted the Jewish people. Ishmael, the children of Keturah, and Esau, the eldest son of Isaac, were all the parents of considerable families, which afterward spread into nations; but they formed no part of the chosen people, and their history, with that of the neighboring nations, is only incidentally noticed in the Bible, so far as they had relation of intercourse or hostility with the people of God.

The history of Abraham and his descendants to the close of the book of Genesis is a biography of individuals: the incidents related of them are all of the class belonging to domestic life.—Joseph, indeed, became a highly distinguished public character in the land of Egypt, and it was through him that his father and all his brothers were finally settled there—which was necessary to prepare for the existence of their posterity as a nation, and to fulfill the purpose which God had announced to Abraham, that they should be four hundred years dwellers in a strange land. In the lives of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph, many miraculous events are recorded; but all those which are spoken of as happening in the ordinary course of human affairs have an air of reality about them which no invention could imitate. In some of the transactions related, the conduct of the patriarchs is highly blamable; circumstances of deep depravity are particularly told of Reuben, Simeon, Levi and Judah, upon which it is necessary to remark that their actions are never spoken of with approbation, but always with strong marks of censure, and generally with a minute account of the punishment which followed upon their transgression. The vices and crimes of the patriarchs, are sometimes alleged as objections against the belief that persons guilty of them should ever have been especially favored of God; but, vicious as they were, there is every reason to be convinced that they were less so than their cotemporaries: their vices appear to us at this day gross, disgusting and atrocious; but the written law was not then given, the boundaries between right and wrong were not defined with the same precision as in the tables given afterward to Moses; the law of Nature was the only rule of morality by which they could be governed, and the sins of intemperance, of every kind recorded in the Holy Writ, were at that period less aggravated than they have been in after ages, because they were in great measure sins of ignorance.

From the time when the sons of Jacob were settled in Egypt until the completion of the four hundred years, during which God had foretold to Abraham that his family should dwell there, there is a chasm in the sacred history. We are expressly told that all the house of Jacob which came into Egypt, were threescore and ten: it is said then that Joseph died, as did all that generation; after which nothing farther is related of their posterity than that "they were faithful and multiplied abundantly, and waxed exceeding mighty, and the land was filled with them, until there arose a new king who knew not Joseph." On his first arrival in Egypt, Jacob had obtained a grant from Pharaoh of the land of Goshen, a place particularly suited to the pastorage of flocks: Jacob and his family were shepherds, and this circumstance was, in the first instance, the occasion upon which that separate spot was assigned to them, and, secondarily, he was the means provided by God for keeping separate two nations thus residing together: every shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians, and the Israelities were shepherds, although dwelling in the land of Egypt; therefore, the Israelites were sojourners and strangers; and by mutual antipathy toward each other, originating from their respective conditions, they were prevented from intermingling by marriage and losing their distinctive characters. This was the cause which had been reserved by the Supreme Creator, during the space of three generations and more than four centuries, as the occasion for eventually bringing them out of the land; for, in proportion as they multiplied, it had the tendency to excite the jealousies and fears of the Egyptian king—as actually happened. These jealousies and fears, suggested to him a policy of the most intolerable oppression and the most execrable cruelty toward the Israelites: not contented with reducing them to the most degraded condition of servitude, and their lives bitter with hard bondage, he conceived the project of destroying the whole race, by ordering all the male children to be murdered as soon as they were born. In the wisdom of Providence, this very command was the means of preparing this family—when they had multiplied into a nation—for their issue from Egypt, and for their conquest of the land which had been promised to Abraham; and it was at the same time that the immediate occasion of raising up the great Warrior, Legislator and Prophet, who was to be their deliverer and leader. Thenceforth, they are to be considered as a people, and their history as that of a nation. During a period of more than a thousand years, the Bible gives us a particular account of their destinies: an outline of their constitution, civil, military and religious, with the code of laws presented to them by the Deity, is contained in the books of Moses, and will afford us copious materials for future consideration.—Their subsequent revolutions of government under Joshua, fifteen successive chiefs denominated Judges, and a succession of kings, until they were first dismembered into two separate kingdoms, and after a lapse of some centuries both conquered by the Assyrians and Babylonians, and at the end of seventy years partially restored to their country and their temple, constitute the remaining historical books of the Old Testament, every part of which is full of instructions. But my present purpose is only to point your attention to their general historical character. My next will contain a few remarks on the Bible as a System of Morals. In the mean time,

I remain your affectionate Father

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[From the Courier.]

ABSENTEE CHILDREN.

WEST NEWTON, January 31st, 1848.

Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., Mayor of Boston:

My Dear Sir,—Until this evening, I have not had a moment's leisure for replying to your note of inquiry, received two or three days since.

You ask, By what means absentee children can be brought into the city schools? Few subjects possess a deeper interest and importance than this. Every day of the present life of a vagrant and untrained or mistrained child is a threat against the welfare of the city, ere long to be executed. It is like so many torches or bludgeons pointed at you, out of the future.

It was a noticeable fact, that almost simultaneously, about the beginning of the present year, the necessity of more efficient measures in favor of school attendance was announced from various different and unconnected sources. Gov. Briggs referred to it distinctly in his annual address to the Legislature. It was one of the most pointed and prominent topics in your inaugural. A Minister at Large, in the city of Providence, speaks of it, almost as a necessity, growing out of the condition of the children who belong to the families he visits; and the result of many years' reflection and observation constrained me to devote a considerable part of my Report to the Board of Education to the same subject.

These accordant and simultaneous views, emanating from different sources without previous understanding or concert, prove that men's minds are forcibly turned in this direction—especially the minds of those whose duties place them in a position to survey this department of the public interest. An imminent public danger is foreseen, and men's thoughts are turned towards remedial measures.

But what is the remedy? Let me consider the case of Boston; for if the evil can be grappled with in this city, the difficulties presented by any other place in the State may be laughed at.

I will not spend a moment's time in delineating the evil—exaggerated it can hardly be. If any sane man disbelieves or doubts its existence, let him attend a few sessions of the Police Courts; or, dismissing business and pleasure from his mind, let him walk through certain quarters of the city, and see the *promising* youth whom the streets exhibit for his inspection. He will go home a sadder, but a wiser man.

But for the remedy. My first idea is, that measures of a persuasive and expostulatory character should be forthwith adopted, and plied most urgently. Encouragements, rewards, bounties even, are far more efficacious, in themselves, than threats and penal inflictions. As a general rule, they are not only more powerful for a present emergency, but they leave the mind of their object in a far better state to be beneficially acted upon afterwards. Hence my reformatory measures would disconnect themselves, as far as possible, from the police. For certain purposes, a city police is inevitable and invaluable; but every body knows that the very name suggests the idea of crime, punishment, disgrace. I would keep aloof from this whole group of associations. Every thing pertaining to the new reformatory agency—its name, its functions, its professed objects—should be attractive, not repulsive. It should excite the idea of friends, and not of enemies; of good to be obtained, and not of evil to be escaped from; of advantage, and not of loss; of pleasure, and not of pain.

For such a place as Boston, a Commission might be appointed, to consist of three or five persons, more or less, as experience should prove to be necessary. The whole aspect of this commission,—its name, its duties, its modes of operation,—should be of a paternal character; nay, *paternal* would not be too loving a word to express the idea I mean. It should be composed of men of the highest moral worth, of sound discretion, and of a philanthropy which will be an antidote against too much sleep, and which, even while it sleeps, will dream of making men better. They should be adequately but not extravagantly paid. *I should not expect men to be paid for this class of services, as they are paid for looking after* STOCKS, *because here, nothing but* SOULS *are to be cared for.* A tenth part as much as a play-actor or a ballet dancer receives, would show a decided advance in civilization. I would arm this Commission with no compulsory or primitive authority. It should stand to the less fortunate classes of our fellow-citizens, or rather of our fellow-beings, (for this is the broader appellation,) in the same kindly and beneficent relation, as do the Ministers at Large, or the visitors of the poor. Its members should be called and known, both legally and familiarly, by some such name as the "Friends of Children," the "Guardians of Youth," or "The Howard Men." The better tact of others may suggest a more apposite name. They should be *Howards on pay*, if that be not a thing impossible. I would exclude from their title not only the idea of *crime*, but of *poverty*, so that no unwelcome feeling, no *chill* even, may come between them and the hearts of their objects.

One of the first duties of these benefactors—by whatever name they may be known—would be to prepare a list of all the children in the city who ought to be in the public schools. A comparison of this list with the school registers, would at once mark out and define their field of labor.

Now, the parents of the absentee children are to be visited, and their various reasons for keeping their children from school met and overcome,—some in one way and some in another, according to the form they take.

One large class of cases can be met by persuasion and argument. There are many minds where the duties and blessings of education lie obscured by prejudice, or wholly eclipsed by ignorance. Education is not sought, because it is not perceived to have a value. Its connection with future respectability and prosperity is not discerned; and yet there is no incapacity to perceive it, were it vividly set forth. With such, an appeal to reason, to conscience and to parental affections, will work the cure.

Some will allege that they are too poor to supply their children with books. Where this excuse is valid, let the books be supplied at the public expense. This is required by our present laws; and a non-compliance with the law is a great neglect of duty. If there is any danger that the book will be sequestered at the child's home, let it be retained by his teacher at the school.

In another class of cases, mothers will say, they want their older children at home, to watch the younger ones, while they themselves go abroad for the day to work. Some will say that the little boy or girl sells matches, or apples or confectionery, and earns a shilling; or goes abroad to pick up wood for her fire, (and who does not know what this often means and to what it leads!) and that therefore, their services cannot be dispensed with.

Where such pleas are true, let them be allowed; and let these visiters, or the overseers of the poor, furnish an equivalent in out-door relief. All money so expended will be like seed sown upon good ground; and in the way of prevention, will produce, some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold.

Still another class of children may have no suitable or decent clothes. For such, let clothes, cheap and clean, be furnished. They will prove a protection to moral nakedness and exposure, as well as to physical.

If in any of these cases the parents prove dishonest, and purloin books, clothes, &c., another rule will apply to them; which I proceed to consider.

When parents are notoriously vicious, where they speculate upon the bounty of the city furnished to their children, or where they prove themselves, in any way, wholly unworthy to sustain the relation of parents, and steadfastly resist being reclaimed, I trust there is no one in the community who would lift up his voice against some ulterior measures. If our present laws against vagrancy would not embrace all these cases, I believe they would nearly all, and would therefore need but a slight extension. I believe the case requiring a forcible interference would be few even at first, and, if judiciously managed, would soon be reduced almost to nothing.

With these coercive measures, however, the Board of Guardians should have nothing directly to do. When a case comes to this extremity, let it be referred to the police. Let the criminal courts do all the punishing, and these men all the loving.

I have sometimes thought it might be well for the School Committee to offer rewards, for what, *under all the circumstances*, should be considered the highest average attendance at their schools. We know that great differences, in this respect, do exist in the city schools; and these differences depend not more upon the character of the population than upon the fidelity of the teachers.

It may be necessary, also, to provide an asylum for poor children—I would rather call it a retreat. I believe the new building of the state prison, at Charlestown, cost about a hundred thousand dollars. Had provision been made, half a century ago, for destitute, abandoned, vagrant children, would not the state have made a handsome speculation! Can we not look to the end of the next half century! Or have we eyes in the back of the head only!

These, my dear sir, are a few of the considerations which have often occured to my mind. I most devoutly hope that measures, such as are here suggested, or better ones, will be adopted—and that one of the noblest cities in the world will be rescued from its impending dangers. Boston prides itself upon being an intelligent city. Every intelligent being sees that he has as great an interest in the future as in the present, because the future will soon be present, and seeing this, he acts accordingly.

Very truly and sincerely, yours, &c.,

HORACE MANN.

MR. HALE'S AMENDMENT.

I wish, Sir, to offer an amendment, and I beg to say a few words in reference to it. When we were counselled by the President of the United States to establish a mission to Rome on account of the occurrence of "recent political events," there was a good deal of discussion as to what the Pope had done. An honorable Senator from Mississippi (Mr. Foote) thought that the Pope had done a great deal; while, on the other hand, an honorable Senator from North Carolina (Mr. Badger) thought that his Holiness has as yet accomplished very little. In the case now before us I think it must be admitted that something has been done. The French Revolution has not been altogether fruitless. It presents something tangible. I propose, Sir, that our resolutions of congratulation should have some meaning, and, therefore, submit the following amendment to the resolution of the Senator from Ohio:

And in the eighth line, after the word Government, these words—

"And manifesting the sincerity of their purpose by instituting measures for the immediate emancipation of the slaves of all the Colonies of the Republic."

When we send such a resolution as that, Sir, the French people will be informed of the object of our sympathy. It will assure them that in our judgment they have indeed done something tangible in the cause of liberty and humanity, on account of which the heart of the American people is filled with joy and gladness. The French people have not made a mere empty declaration of their attachment to the cause of liberty. They have not declared the people free and yet retained their fellow creatures in bondage. They have thus done something which deserves the congratulations of the whole world.

[The following Letter was first republished in the Christian Watchman, from the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith." The No. which contains it lies before us, (No. LI, for Nov. 1847, for which we are indebted to the politeness of the Ed. of the Watchman,) and we supply from it two or three paragraphs which the Watchman omitted. For even though less important, we should be unwilling to keep from our readers any portion of so rich a treat, so far as we can supply it. We regret that in the No. of the Annals before us, the Art. after all is but an "Extract." That is, a few portions are omitted; and it will be seen by the stars that these omissions occur in places where curiosity would be very glad to know what particulars were added. We have supplied the different captions through the letter.]

THE VICAR-GENERAL OF BOSTON, TO THE SOC. OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

REVEREND SIRS:—Commissioned by the Right Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston, to solicit aid for his diocese, I am going to lay before you an historical sketch of this church, together with the religious statistics of the different States of the American Union subject to his jurisdiction, in the hope that you will kindly bear in recollection our exigencies.

The diocese of Boston, erected in 1808, by the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius VII, of venerable memory, comprised at that period all the States of New England, and the most active and industrious of the Union, where originated thirty years previously, the celebrated movement which gave birth to American liberty. For upwards of ten years, his lordship, Dr. Cheverus, resided at Boston, and there exercised, conjointly with the highly respected Rev. Dr. Matignon, the functions of pastor and missioner, when he was elevated to the Episcopal See of that city. Boston at that time possessed neither churches nor schools. There was only a miserable chapel there, where a small number of Catholics congregated. These were all Irish inhabitants of Boston and the neighborhood. Bishop Cheverus was like a father to them all, and his name is still in benediction in America.

BISHOP FENWICK'S APOSTOLIC LABORS.

Weighty considerations requiring his return to France, in 1824, his lordship, Dr. Fenwick, was named by him successor to the See of Boston erected by Leo XII; he was consecrated by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Marechal, Archbishop of Baltimore, in the cathedral of that city. The Right Rev. Dr. Fenwick was born in 1782, in Maryland, of an ancient Catholic family, that originally emigrated into this country during the time of the persecutions of England. He had been educated at the college of the Jesuits of Georgetown, near Washington. Having entered with two of his brothers into the Society of Jesus, he was one of its most distinguished members, and after having organized and administered during several years the diocese of Charleston, which he afterwards consigned over to its first Bishop, Doctor England, he was called by his superiors to preside over the college of Georgetown. He was beloved and venerated both by pupils and professors, and was subsequently removed by the express order of Pope Leo XII, who forced him to accept the bishopric of Boston after the retirement of Bishop Cheverus.

Under his firm and able administration the diocese, where the Irish continued to land in crowds, increased visibly; the Catholics began to assume rank, and exhibit their superiority over the innumerable sects which error had engendered. The cathedral of the Holy Cross was enlarged; new churches arose in several quarters in Boston; Salem, Lowell, Hartford, Providence, built them in their turn, as did also other less considerable places of New England; and the cross of the Lord glittered everywhere at the top of their humble wooden spires, from the borders of the Atlantic to the banks of the Hudson.

But it was not without effort that Bishop Fenwick obtained all these results. Like his predecessor, he traversed annually the vast provinces of his diocese. Indefatigable in his apostolic visits, he was seen alternately under the scorching rays of midsummer, or the frozen snows of winter, traversing on foot immense plains, crossing the mountains, rowing over the lakes and rivers, side by side with the savages of Penobscot or Passamaquaddi, in their canoes of the bark of the birch tree; sleeping at night in the woods under the sky and on the bare ground, or sheltered by the smoky wigwam of the Red Indians. Such was the life he led when he quitted his episcopal city to convey the aids of our holy religion to the dispersed sheep of his flock, availing himself, moreover, of his journeys to form new missions, or lay the foundations of new churches.

THE CONFLAGRATION ON MOUNT BENEDICT.

A convent of Ursulines, with a school attached, had been formed in 1820, by his Lordship, Dr. Cheverus, next to the Bishop's residence. Finding they were too circumscribed, his Lordship, Dr. Fenwick, purchased for them the superb locality of Mount Benedict, one mile from Charlestown, a small town forming a suburb of Boston.

There were eight nuns there, with more than sixty pupils, both Protestant and Catholic, and a certain number of novices. The establishment was in a flourishing condition, and held out the most flattering prospects for the future. But on the night of the 14th of August, 1834, the Puritan populace, led by some fanatical ministers, rose up in Charlestown; all the firebrands at Boston joined them, and with cries of fury and vengeance rushed simultaneously toward Mount Benedict. The inmates of the convent were sleeping in peaceful slumber; the noise without, the smashing of the enclosures and doors, which fell beneath the blows of the furious sectaries, aroused up the religeuse, and, before they and the pupils had time to dress, the glare of fire flashed over their peaceful dwelling. They saved themselves in a state of half nakedness, whilst the brigands were engaged plundering the church and the convent, and shortly the flames enveloped all the buildings, which crumbled with the desecrated church.

A SACRILEGE AND ITS MIRACULOUS PUNISHMENT.

In the middle of the tumult one of the fanatics had ascended the altar. I mention it in horror—with sacriligious hand, he seized the holy Ciborium, he emptied the precious particles into his pocket, and, swelled with the satanic pride of Calvin, he went to an inn of Charlestown. Surrounded by a throng who were eagerly listening to his sacriligious exploits, narrated in the presence of an Irish Catholic who listened with profound awe—the fanatic recognized the Irishman. Suddenly he drew from his pocket several hosts, and in a sneering tone, "Here," said he, exhibiting them, "behold your God; what need you go any more to seek him in the church!" The Irishman was mute with horror. The sacriligious man then felt himself seized with a call of nature; he went out. But a quarter of an hour—a half hour elapsed—he returned not. A vague fear seized on the bystanders; by a presentiment which they could not account for, they go out and open the privy. The sacriligious man lay there dead—dead by the death Arius.

I cannot state to you, Reverend Gentlemen, the unutterable sentiment of terror which then seized upon this troop of Protestants. The Irishman soon rushed forward in his turn, and admiring in his heart the works of Divine Justice which so promptly smote the guilty, he cut the pocket containing the sacred particles, and leaving the other spectators weighed down by the panic which had as it were chained them round the tainted corpse, he ran to the cathedral, where he tremblingly consigned to the Bishop the august deposit which he had just secured possession of.

This extraordinary fact, which forms so striking an episode in the history of the burnt convent, has been related to me by several ocular witnesses; some of whom were Protestants at this epoch, and are since become Catholics. Besides, it is known to the whole of the then existing population of Charlestown and Boston, as well as several other no less interesting facts of that epoch, so little known in Europe.

When the Irishman reached the cathedral, the Right Rev. Dr. Fenwick was there, in inexpressible anguish, encompassed by a part of his Priests and of the Catholics of the city; all were listening to the detail of the events of that disastrous night. They were aware of the principal facts, and the majority of the religieuse and pupils of the convent had been sheltered in the Catholic houses of Boston. On hearing the account of what had occurred in Charlestown, the Bishop raised his eyes to heaven, imploring pardon for the guilty, one of whom had been so promptly chastised, and anticipating every moment some fresh catastrophe. But the report of the awful death of the sacrilegious man spreading salutary terror over the whole city, soon allayed the fanatical fury.

THE CITY OF BOSTON SAVED FROM TOTAL RUIN ONLY BY THE INTERVENTION OF BISHOP FENWICK.

When day dawned the Protestants trembled in their turn. The Irish Catholics of all the environs of Boston, among whom the events of that terrible night were rapidly circulated, arrived in immense masses at the city, armed with every weapon they could lay hold on, and marching towards the cathedral, which seemed to be the natural point of rendezvous, they uttered threats of vengeance against the Protestants and their churches. Work was every where suspended; every hour this exasperated multitude became more formidable. More than twenty thousand Irishmen asked permission from the Bishop to make an onslaught upon the enemies of their faith; the whole city threatened with fire and bloodshed, was plunged in consternation. His Lordship, Dr. Fenwick, appeared upon the flight of steps before his church; he exhibited a sublime figure of grief and resignation. With a single gesture he allayed the multitude; he spoke to them with the authority of a father and pastor. He admitted their right of self-defence if they had previous notice of the attack; that being citizens of a free State, they could, and even ought, to use their exertions in opposition to the fanatical projects of the Protestants: but the evil was done, and the only means to show at that moment the superiority of their religion over the sectarian spirit of their adversaries, was to pardon them, and to commit to God the care of effecting justice. As Catholics, they might, like all citizens, defend their rights and those of their religion, but never revenge themselves.

I do not enter into all the details of this discourse; it is sufficient to state that the wisdom and Christian moderation of Bishop Fenwick were admirable: genuine eloquence flowed from his lips with that simplicity and unction which he possessed in an eminent degree. He commanded every individual to return home to his own dwelling, to go to his work, to pardon and to pray for his enemies. In spite of their excitement, which was stimulated to the highest pitch, all understood their bishop: they obeyed, and that immense multitude, which, an hour before, threatened the total ruin of Boston—melted away in silence before the eyes of the Protestants, not less stupified at the power exercised by the Catholic Bishop than by his charity and clemency. All the newspapers then spoke with accounts of the events of Mount Benedict; all connected with them the discourse of the Bishop, and all equally, both Protestant and Catholic, combined, in joint eulogy of his greatness of soul. As to the nuns, they were dispersed into other convents of the United States or of Canada, and the ruins of the burnt convent are still visible upon the summit of Mount Benedict, as an ever subsisting testimony of the fury of the children of Calvin, and of the clemency of the Catholics.

EFFECT OF THE PERSECUTION. THE FURTHER LABORS AND THE DEATH OF BISHOP FENWICK.

The fresh impulse which this event gave to the church in the diocese of Boston, the increase of the faithful, whose number increased to more than thirty thousand in the single city of Boston twelve years afterwards, the churches which every where exhibited the cross of Jesus Christ triumphing over error, soothed the bitterness which his Lordship had experienced on account of the burning of the Ursuline convent. The Catholics had considerably multiplied in the State of Vermont, which constitutes a portion of the diocese, and the already numerous congregation of Burlington, the principal city of that State, situated upon Lake Champlain, had built for itself a large and beautiful church under the invocation of Holy Mary, when, upon the 11th of May, 1838, subsequently to the preaching of a fanatical minister the populace proceeded to make a night attack upon the Catholic Church, which was soon reduced to ashes, and Burlington now-a-days exhibits, alongside the ruins which it has not been able to rebuild, two humble chapels where the faithful, who are still poor in this country, congregate.

The Right Rev. Dr. Fenwick, who expended the whole of his private fortune for the benefit of his diocese, founded, during the last years of his life, the magnificent college of Holy Cross upon the elevation of Mount Saint John, at Worcester, forty miles from Boston. This college was placed two years since, under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, and in the month of last July the deed was signed, by which the venerable Bishop gave all his property in the college to the Society of Jesus. This establishment, which is now so flourishing, contained already nearly one hundred and fifty exclusively Catholic boarders when the classes were resumed in the year 1846.

"Since the first provincial council held at Baltimore under Archbishop Whitfield, until the fifth, which commenced upon the 14th of May, 1843, and was presided over by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Eccleston, actual Archbishop of Baltimore, his Lordship Dr. Fenwick was the soul of these interesting assemblies. In this assembly, which was the one before the last, but the last at which he personally assisted, he asked for a partition of his diocese; the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island were detached from it and erected into a new diocese, with the title of Hartford, for the excellent Right Reverend Dr. Tyler, a Protestant converted several years ago, and since become Vicar-General of Boston. It was in the same council that his Lordship Dr. Fitzpatrick was proposed Coadjutor of Boston.

"Such were—without alluding to the several schools attached to the churches of Boston and the principal cities of the diocese—the works of his Lordship Dr. Fenwick, during an episcopacy of more than twenty years. Being attacked during the month of last December with a disease of the heart, which was deemed incurable, he prepared himself for death with profound resignation. However, his life was prolonged for a period considerably beyond what was first anticipated, and hopes were entertained that his health was progressing, when upon the morning of the 8th of last February, the physician came to visit him, and found him so ill that he advised him to confine himself to his bed-room. Towards evening the malady had made such progress that it was necessary to administer to him the sacrament of extreme unction, which, together with the holy Viaticum, he received with the highest sentiments of piety. He lingered until the ensuing Monday, retaining, in the midst of his pains the unalterable meekness and pious cheerfulness which never forsook him. He calmly expired at half-past eleven o'clock, whilst pronouncing the *Amen* of the last absolution, which was given to him by his Coadjutor.

His corpse, clad in the pontificial robes, was exposed upon a platform in the middle of his cathedral, and a numerous crowd of Protestants as well as Catholics never ceased during two nights and nearly two days to proceed to the church, in order to render homage to his venerated remains. The funeral ceremonies took place upon the subsequent Thursday. The funeral procession, bearing the body to the burial place, proceeded for the first time through the streets of the Puritan city. It exhibited to the eyes of the astounded throng the sacerdotal vestments, the crosses, the banners, in fine all the ornaments of our worship, and was greeted every where by the respectful demonstrations of the multitude. Two Protestant churches tolled the death-bells, and it was perceptible, to the astonishment of all, that the death of the Catholic Bishop was a momentous event to Boston. The date of his death coincided with that of the burning down of the Ursuline convent; but the homage rendered to his mortal remains by the whole population was a signal reparation for the bitter chalice which the fanatics had made him drink in that night of anguish. His body was conveyed to the college of Worcester, where he had requested to be interred.

HIS LORDSHIP DR. FITZPATRICK.

His Lordship, John Bernard Fitzpatrick, the third Bishop of Boston, was born in that city in November, 1812; his name naturally indicates an Irish origin. His brilliant course in the Latin schools of the city marked him out as a distinguished subject. His Lordship, Dr. Fenwick, discovering in him the dispositions which announce vocation to the ecclesiastical state, sent him originally to the college of Sulpicians of Montreal, in Canada, where young Fitzpatrick taught rhetoric with distinction; then to Paris, where he went through his course of theology at Saint Sulpice, and was ordained Priest in 1840 by his Grace the Archbishop of Chalcedon. On his return to Boston he exercised the holy ministry during nearly three years, and was consecrated Bishop of Gallipolis *in partibus* and Coadjutor of Boston, at the close of the year 1843. Although two-thirds of the city are still Protestant, Boston cheerfully hailed the arrival of its new bishop, whom the Bostonians are proud to designate a countryman of their own. His Lordship, Dr. Fitzpatrick will do honor to New England, from which he sprung, and God, we all hope, will grant us to witness during his episcopacy the continuation, with more increased impetus than ever, of that movement which drives on this country towards Catholic unity.

DIOCESE OF BOSTON.

All the considerable movements, that have occurred in the United States, have originated in New England, of which Boston is the capital; first, a fanatical movement, then a movement of freedom, reacting against the laws which had hitherto oppressed Catholicity in the English colonies,—a movement which urged the inhabitants to emigration in the distant countries far west; lastly, a movement which induces them now-a-days to examine coolly our holy religion and become Catholics, after wandering in the circle of all errors. * * *

At present the diocese of Boston comprises still the State of Maine, of Vermont, of New Hampshire, and of Massachusetts, the capital of which is Boston. It extends over thirty-six thousand square miles, and contains a population which exceeds two millions. Amongst this large number it is difficult to approximate to an accurate estimate of the Catholics on account of the continued fluctuations of the emigrants; they do not all by any means remain in the diocese, but those who push further on only advance gradually, and when they have begun to realize some means of subsistance. His Lordship, Dr. Fenwick, who had profound and detailed knowledge of the United States, especially of his diocese, said, that the whole Catholic population of the diocese might be taken at about one hundred and thirty thousand souls. This number may include from ten to twelve thousand French Canadians, scattered principally over Vermont, along Lake Champlain, in Maine, and along all the railways, upon which they work in great numbers, for some years. At Boston there are, moreover, two thousand Germans, who have begun to build a church with funds contributed by their fellow-countrymen.

There are in the city of Boston, including the small towns or suburbs of Charlestown, Cambridge, Roxbury, and Maverick or East Boston, beyond one hundred and thirty thousand souls, and out of this number, beyond thirty-five thousand are Catholics. Each of its ten churches forms a separate parish.

Besides these religious buildings, we have at Boston an orphan house, under the direction of the Sisters of Charity; but as this establishment is not endowed, the burden of supporting these orhans is cast upon the clergy of the parishes to which they belong, who are obliged to pay annually fifty dollars for the maintenance of each of them. This is the way they have been supported. We have as yet no similar institutions for males, and God knows many of these poor children are taken to protestant asylums, where they lose all remembrance of their religion.

* * * * * *

I have the honor to be, with profound respect, Reverend Sirs, your very humble and obedient servant,

THE ABBE BRASSEUR DE BOURBOURG,
Vicar General of Boston.

From the National Era.

M. CREMIEUX, THE ISRAELITE.

One of the ablest members of the Provisional Government of France, is the celebrated Jewish advocate, M. Cremieux. He was a member, in company with Isambert, of the great Anti-Slavery Convention held in London in 1840. In his speech in that Convention, he vindicated the Jews from the charge of Slavery, and cited the noble example of the Essenes, who first declared Slavery to be a crime. "In this assembly of Christians," said he, "I, a Jew, demand the complete abolition of servitude. My enthusiasm is equal to yours. Abolish slavery, proclaim equality; it is a glorious mission. The glory of this mission belongs to two great nations, long divided by war, now uniting in the cause of the world's civilization. The words of England and France will be heard by the world. How sublimely have they been re-echoed already from that very Republic of America where so many private interests oppose the emancipation of the blacks! How many generous hearts are there beating only for the sacred interests of humanity! See their representatives in this hall, uniting with those of France and England. Yes! we shall attain the object of our wishes. The holy alliance—the united will of France and England proclaiming the abolition of human Slavery, who can resist! This is the happiest day of my existence; I shall dwell with delight on the recollection that I have been permitted to give utterance to my sentiments in an assembly like the present; and from this moment my life will acquire in my eyes more consistency and more real importance."

In transcribing these remarks of the French orator, our mind has recurred to a conversation which we held with the lamented John Quincy Adams, a few days before his death. He was pressing his great solicitude in respect to the question of free or slave territory. He longed, he said, to see a step taken by our government which would place the seal of national disapprobation on the institution of Slavery. He referred to the late negotiations of England and Portugal on the subject of the slave trade, warmly commended the answer of the British Government to the demand of the Portuguese commissioners that the treaty for the abolition of the infamous traffic should be limited to a brief term of years—the substance of which was: that the British Government could consent to no other period for the termination of the treaty, than *six months after the abolition of slavery throughout the world!* "Here, then," said he, "England is pledged, and France will soon unite with her, to put an end to Slavery throughout the world." He longed, he said, to see our own country in a position which would enable her to join in the great work. Would that the venerable man could have lived to read the noble decree of the Government of regenerated France, for the immediate abolition of Slavery! France and England are now united on this question. When shall our Republic join the "holy alliance," spoken of by Cremieux!

J. G. W.

SKETCH OF THE SPEECH OF MR. PARKER AT THE MELODEON, FAST DAY EVENING.

[EXTRACTS.]

Underneath the Rome of the Emperors there was another Rome; not seen by the sun—known only to a few men. Above, in the sunlight, stood Rome of the Cæsars, with her Markets and her Armies, her Theatres, her Temples and her Palaces, glorious and of marble. A million of men went through her brazen gates. The imperial city—she stood there—beautiful and admired—the queen of nations. But underneath all that, in caverns of the earth, in the tombs of dead men, in quarries whence the upper city had been slowly hewn, there was another population—another Rome, with other thoughts. Yes, this devout body of men, who swore not by the public altars, men whose prayers were forbidden, their worship disallowed, their ideas prohibited; their very lives illegal. Time passed on, and gradually Rome of the Pagans disappeared, and Rome of the Christians sat there in her place, on the seven hills, and stretched out her sceptre over the nations.

So underneath the Laws and the Institutions of each modern Nation—underneath the Monarchy and the Republic—there is another and unseen State, with sentiments not yet become popular, and with ideas not confirmed into actions—ideas scarcely legal, certainly not "respectable." Slowly from its depths comes up this ideal State, the State of the Future; and slowly to the eternal deep sinks down the actual State, the State of the Present. But sometimes an earthquake of the nations degrades of a sudden the actual, and speedily starts up the ideal Kingdom of the Future. Such a thing has just come to pass. In France, within five and forty days, a new State has risen from underneath the old. Men whose words were suppressed, and their ideas reckoned illegal but two months ago, now hold the sceptre of five and thirty millions of grateful citizens—hold it in clean and powerful hands. A great revolution has taken place—one which will produce effects which we cannot foresee. It is itself the greatest Act of this century. God only knows what it will lead to. We are here to express the sympathy of Republicans for a new Republic. We are here to rejoice over the rising hopes of a new State, not to exult over the fallen fortunes of the Bourbons. Louis Philippe has done much which we may thank him for. He has kept—with a peace the fiercest nation of the world; has kept the peace of Europe for 17 years. Let us thank him for that. He has consolidated the French nation, helped to give them a new unity of thought, and unity of action, which they never had before. Perhaps he did not *intend* all this. Since he has brought it about, let us thank him for that. But most of all, I would thank this "citizen king

drowainge in the Seine and the Loire, the dreadful butchery in the name of the Law. Put this new decree side by side with the old, and you see why Spartacus, though crowned by a Revolution, bears peaceful blossoms in his hand!

The same God who formed the world for man's abode, presides also in the movements of mankind, and directs their voluntary march. See how this earth has been brought to her present firm and settled state. By storm and earthquake, continent has been rent from continent—oceans have swept over the mountains—and the scars of ancient war still mark our Parent's venerable face. So it is in the growth of human society: it is the child of Pain—Revolutions have rocked it a cradle, war and violence rudely nursed it into hardy life. Good institutions—how painfully, how slowly have they come!.

"Slowly as spreads the green of earth
O'er the receding ocean's bed,
Dim as the distant stars come forth,
Uncertain as a vision fled,
Has been the old world's toiling pace,
Ere she can give fair FREEDOM place."

Let us welcome the green spot when it begins to spread; let us shout as the sterile sea of barbarism goes back; let us rejoice in the "vision" of good things to come; let us welcome the distant and rising orb—for it is the Bethlehem star of a great nation—and they who behold it may well say—PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TO MEN. (Cheers.) [Liberator.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 22, 1848.

UNITY IN DIVERSITY.

We have said that truth as Christians have apprehended and received it, truth subjective as well as objective, is more one than has been supposed. The discrepancy between the opinions of the different Denominations is more apparent than real. Difference is not contradiction.—There has been unity in the main notwithstanding difference or even contradiction in part. The diversity has been owing chiefly or wholly to different modes of apprehending and explaining truths in which all do in fact agree. In illustration of this point, we select for consideration, three doctrines maintained on one side as essential, but rejected by numerous others; doctrines which distinguish those who denominate themselves "the evangelical body," and the rejection of which forfeits with them the Christian name and Christian privileges. They are

I. The Trinity.
II. Everlasting Punishment.
III. The Atonement.

I. In respect to the Trinity, how far do all Christians accord in sentiment! They all believe in the Father, and in the Son, and in the Holy Spirit; that the Father worketh, of Himself, and through the Son, and by the Holy Spirit; that "these three agree in one," are not diverse in will or operation. In the fact of the existence of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, Christians do not differ, but in the mode of their existence, and in the relation of each to the others. In the three great fundamental ideas that constitute the Trinity, Christians agree, but differ in their philosophy.

There is, however, an apparent serious difference in regard to one of these three ideas. The Trinitarian believes that the Son has all the divine attributes and perfections of the Godhead; the Unitarian does not. But the latter accepts the facts of the history of Christ, acknowledges the works of the Son, (that one work excepted on which we shall presently dwell,) believes that Jesus is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his Person. The difference, then, is this—the Trinitarian maintains that the attributes of Godhead, for instance Omnipotence and Omniscience, were necessary for Jesus to possess in order to perform his works; the Unitarian holds that all the power Jesus exerted was derived from the Father. Both agree in the fact of his works being performed, they differ in accounting for them; that is, they differ in their philosophical conceptions and explanations of cause.

As to the third person of the Trinity, is there any practical difference! Is there an intelligent Christian who conceives of the Spirit as a Person distinct from the Father! Is not every Christian's mental apprehension of the Holy Spirit that of a Holy Influence or Power which proceeds from the Father! If so, (and we appeal to the consciousness of Trinitarians,) then there is essential unity. There is unity of conception in diversity of doctrine.

II. We pass to the second doctrine proposed to be considered—that of Everlasting Punishment. In presenting this point, it will be convenient to make a classification of Christians according to their position with reference to the doctrine. We shall do this to the best of our knowledge; if we err, we are ready to be corrected.

1. Those who believe the *conscious everlasting* TORMENT of all who die impenitent—a torment ever increasing, so that the time will come in eternity when the soul of each person who goes out of this world impenitent will have suffered more than the whole collected anguish of all men and devils together from the creation to the present moment. This class of believers embraces the various evangelical bodies so called—i. e. the Orthodox, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, and perhaps a few others.

2. Those who believe that punishment lasts as long as sin lasts, but that the sinner will find mercy whenever he may repent, be it in this world, or be it in the next. They hold to future suffering for those who die impenitent—suffering more dreadful than heart can feel in this life; but that the Bible in its figurative descriptions does not assert that this conscious suffering is literally endless, neither also that it expressly declares all shall finally be happy, but purposely leaves the future condition of sinners in obscurity as to the *duration* of suffering, while it reveals its awful severity. They who persist in sin in this life do it at the peril of a continuance in sin and suffering in the next world to which man can set no limits—a period that can be terminated only by voluntary repentance; while such is the very nature of sin that he who indulges in it cannot be certain when he shall abandon it, or whether he ever shall abandon it. This, we suppose, is the belief of the great majority of those who are called UNITARIANS. In one sense, though in a modified sense, they may be said to believe in "everlasting punishment." That is, they believe that those who die impenitent will suffer a signal loss of good, which they would otherwise have received if they had repented. This loss of good is in one sense "punishment," and as it never will be regained, it is punishment that is "everlasting." But we know not the Unitarian who believes in everlasting conscious *torment*.

3. Those who believe and teach future punishment, but also the future restoration of all men as a positive doctrine of Scripture, or, if not of Scripture, of Reason—Scripture however not denying it. This class embraces some of the Universalist denomination, and some of the Unitarian. Those called "Restorationists" rank, we suppose, either among Unitarians or Universalists.

4. Those who believe in the final and everlasting *destruction* of the impenitent. This class includes very many, we do not know whether it includes the majority, of the Christian Connexion, so called. Some Unitarians also incline on the whole to this doctrine.

5. Those who believe that all men at death or at the resurrection will be happy. This embraces, we suppose, the great majority of the Universalists. A few of their preachers,—the younger class now taking the places of the fathers,—believe in future limited suffering, but the congregations—the larger portion of each of their congregations—do not hold to any sin or misery in the future world.

Now here is diversity surely. There is a good deal of diversity among the same denominations even,—more among Unitarians perhaps than any other, as there is indeed not only on this point, but on others. Nay, there is diversity among the Evangelical bodies, notwithstanding they have a creed. Witness John Foster, the celebrated English Essayist, and one of the greatest lights of the Baptist denomination, whose opinions on the future condition of men were those entertained by the great body of the Unitarians.

In all this diversity between different denominations, and between members ranking together in the same denomination, is there any unity!—There is unity in the fact of RETRIBUTION, while they differ in regard to its nature and extent.—The Universalist who believes in no suffering after death, believes in a retribution taking place in this life. And there can be no dispute that this retribution is in many instances signal and awful.

What is the chief value of the doctrine of retribution! It is to deter from sin. Now may not a retribution viewed close at hand be sometimes more efficacious than one viewed at a distance! Just as the thunder-bolt striking near before one's very eyes, gives a more vivid sense of Almighty Power than the silent contemplation of the vast Universe. Have Christians dwelt enough on the fearful penalty for sin even in this life.

In this fact of retribution then, even limiting it to this life, as do the Universalists, (we think they do it erroneously,) there is essential oneness notwithstanding the diversity.

III. We pass, thirdly, to the doctrine of Atonement. This is the work which we excepted in mentioning that all Christians agree in the works of Christ. Now what is the doctrine of Atonement but the form of expressing the mode of reconciliation with God! All Christians of every name receive the fact of reconciliation, but they differ in the philosophical explanation of the fact. The simplest form of the doctrine as held at the present day by orthodox Christians, is that Christ, by his death, upheld the majesty of the divine Law, so that God can now safely pardon the sinner. The old form, that Christ by his death satisfied the divine justice, or appeased God's anger, has nearly passed away.—But all of these forms include the idea that God could not forgive sin on repentance alone; that Christ's death was necessary to remove a previous obstacle in the way of the forgiveness of sin, over and above repentance and holiness effected in the heart of the sinner. We ourselves suppose, that the reconciliation is effected thro' the power of the truth and spirit of God, exerted through Jesus on our own hearts; that God forgives the sins, which through the divine power and spirit in Jesus we forsake; that all the representations in Scripture meet and are harmonized in this view.

Perhaps the principal point that separates Unitarians from other denominations of Christians, is this doctrine of Atonement. At first view certainly it seems more than merely a different explanation of reconciliation. It is particularly presented in the language that we are forgiven *for Christ's sake*. That is, God does not forgive man for his simple mercy's sake on repentance, but the grounds and reason of that forgiveness are in something which Christ has suffered in our stead. That something which Christ suffered in our stead, is held up as the particular object of faith. Our fellow Christians insist we must believe that something—must believe in Jesus as having done that something (many of them do not venture to define what)—and not repentance alone can save, even by the grace of God.

The statement of this doctrine is sufficient to show that it is after all only an explanation of the fact of reconciliation. It is an attempt to explain philosophically the *grounds* of the divine forgiveness. That we are forgiven of God's mercy on repentance, and that Christ is the means of effecting repentance, are facts admitted by every Christian. But the other statements of the doctrine are statements of mode, are human explanations of the facts, are diversities in apprehending truths.

A UNITARIAN IN THE RECORDER.

If the person, who addressed to us two anonymous notes, signed "A Unitarian," asking for information on the belief of Unitarians on the doctrine of everlasting punishment, could have exercised a little more patience, he would have received his answer in due time. He will find it in the first editorial of this week's paper.

The writer has pursued a singular course for a Unitarian. He withheld his name from the Register, but has given it voluntarily to the Recorder. He furnishes matter for a paper, which is bitter beyond any other against Unitarians, to make capital out of, and weave into its usual fabric of misrepresentation. We do not know which shows the greater folly in the case, "A Unitarian" or the Recorder.

The Recorder tells him he pursued an "unexceptionable course." Doubtless he did. Every one is at liberty to write as many anonymous requests as he pleases. But the Register also has pursued an unexceptionable course. In one of the best of our daily papers a statement was recently made by its editor, that he did not feel himself bound to notice anonymous requests. But it was really our intention to notice the request of "A Unitarian," even though anonymous; as individuals will testify, to whom we happened to mention the reception of his notes.

When, some three weeks after we received his first note, the second was sent, and the writer confessed that he did not take the trouble to see, until about the time of the date of his second note, whether we had complied with his request, we certainly thought his heart was not very much in the matter, and therefore we felt we might take our own time in answering it. In regard to his remark that he would give us his name, if necessary, and if we would so signify it in the next No., we did not think it worth while to carry on this sort of communication with an anonymous correspondent. We ask now, —what we had no curiosity to know before,—our correspondent's name. We will direct to his address copies of tracts from the Office of the Unitarian Association, in which the point on which he asks information has been presented over and over again in the clearest manner. We suggest for his consideration, that the Unitarian with whom he was in company along with several others, and who remarked that "a belief in eternal punishment for sin was an article of Unitarian belief," meant it only in the restricted and modified form, to which he will find an allusion in the editorial above mentioned.

THE BOSTON RECORDER'S REJOINDER.

The Recorder of the last week confesses that "the primary responsibility of the non-reception of the Note [the Rev. Mr. Allen's] by the Recorder does, as the Register conjectures, rest upon the gentleman whose sermon was the occasion of it." We are perfectly satisfied that it should rest there, and there we leave it.

The Recorder denies all knowledge of the existence of the Note until its appearance in the Register. We believe his denial when thus fully and explicitly made. But he must pardon us for being unwilling to take anything short of it, for reasons presently to be given.

The Recorder speaks of the editor of the Register as "so wanting in a sense of gentlemanly propriety as to intimate that a brother editor can be guilty of prevarication." Perhaps we might have employed the politer word *subterfuge*, but we preferred to use plainness of speech. Let not the Recorder fall into a flurry in the matter. Let him brace himself up like a man, while we say to him that he *has not yet fully answered all our questions*.

We copied the statement from the Westfield paper that "notice was given to the authors and publishers of the charges in order that they might prove or retract them." To this the Recorder replies in the following very guarded language.—"We reply to this statement from the Westfield paper, so far as the editor of the Recorder is concerned, it is false, from beginning to end."

Now we say that if the editor of the Recorder, in his general duties as editor, admitted to his editorial columns, articles from a certain gentleman against the Normal Schools, (and we assure him that this is widely supposed to be the fact, and well worth his while to deny it if it be not true;) if, furthermore, that gentleman was called on by one of the Orthodox members of the Board and requested to prove or retract his charges, (and we will give the names if insisted on,) then is the Recorder held responsible, and the clause, "so far as the editor of the Recorder is concerned," by no means covers the whole ground.

If the Recorder seeks the grounds of our persistence, he has it in the importance of the subject. As to the "want of courtesy" alleged by him, we repeat it that the Recorder ought to be the last person in the world to complain of it. Some months ago, before our editorial connexion with the Register, we wrote an article for its columns over our own initials which the Recorder commended for its spirit, but chose to speak of the writer as "one sadly stained with apostacy." We remonstrated against the charge as false and unjust. A kind friend also interposed a word in our behalf. But the editor of the Recorder persists in it, and ejects more bitter venom still in the use of the ungentlemanly and offensive epithet of "apostate editor." The Recorder has made his election, to all appearance deliberately. We also have made ours—not to believe a person from whom we receive this treatment, except on his most explicit and full declarations. At any rate, we put it to the verdict of the candid, or uncandid, whether he has not outlawed himself from all courtesy and respect from the individual whom he thus vituperates! "Brother editor," forsooth! We will tell an anecdote.

We were once at the dinner-table of the late Rev. Dr. Wisner, of the Old South, at which Rev. Mr. Kellogg was also present, who was once colleague senior pastor with Rev. Dr. Payson of Portland. Dr. Wisner happened to say, (meaning a compliment,) "Well, father Kellogg, you were quite a father to Dr. Payson." "He didn't behave towards me much like a son," was father K.'s reply. We remember that the Doctor's knife wriggled not a little in the joint of meat he happened to be carving.

If the Recorder is willing to lay the correction of his error before his readers—a doubt of which on our own part, expressed some four or five weeks since, he very much resented—why does he not publish Mr. Allen's Note? It was intended for his paper. He could copy it from the Register. Is the course which he pursues, a return for the alleged wrong done him by the Register? Let him not punish the innocent, on account of the guilty. An obligation is due from him to Mr. Allen to publish the Note. Let him exercise the Christian magnanimity to do justice, even though his self-esteem has been wounded. We wish him to publish the Note, simply to inform his readers, that Mr. Adams was a regular attendant at the Unitarian Church in Washington city a very short period before his death—a fact which the sermon published in the Recorder virtually denies. Not that we believe the misrepresentation was intentional. The author doubtless supposed he was uttering the whole truth—only he happened to be ignorant of a very important part of it. Admitting the remarks in that sermon to be true so far as they go, still by stopping short of the whole truth, they are a misrepresentation and should be corrected in the paper where they first appeared.

For the Register.

NOT THE SPIRIT OF CONQUEST, BUT THE ARTS OF PEACE, OUR NATION'S WISDOM.

Some among us now, whose vision is filled with conquests, are talking of the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race, and predicting the sweep of our arms in invading and triumphant dominion over the Northern and Southern divisions of this Continent. But the old glory of war and conquest is gone by and outgrown. Supposing such a vision realised, we should not surpass or even rival what has been done by a war of conquest in old times. The past examples recorded in history are greater and more splendid after that fashion than any thing that can be done again. And if this whole Continent should be brought by annexation and the sword under one wide empire, by whose bloody prowess is it to be done, and what reward will he ask for his triumph, and who shall rule over us, then, and how shall we bear it!

That mad hope of conquest and wide dominion does not speak the experience of past ages, as indicating the best hope for the future. Let us believe that it does not speak the wishes of many among us. That whole extent of country, and even more, will be better won by the arts and glories of peace. While thrones are tottering and old constitutions are annulled, and the people are everywhere asserting their rights as the source of power and their own best rulers, let the nation where that truth is already in practice prove that it will work in peace, and to good ends. When I think of the heavy embarrassments under which the people of the old world have to struggle—such as the established precedents of former ages, the rubbish of old customs and usages, the enormous public debts entailed by wars, and the evils of social distinctions and wrongs—I have reflected that the coming hither of their impoverished and ignorant emigrants, while it involves much risk for us, may also be the means of some good. It sets before us continually the strong contrast between their condition and our own, and it may be intended by Providence as a warning to us, lest we degenerate into their condition. Let our prayer for our country be that industry, virtue, equality, and the highest tone of true piety may be our signal characteristics—making us a safe example.

According to the constant and unfailing connection between cause and effect we do positively know, that what the future shall be is determined by the present. The future is the offspring, the result of the present. From the opinions and the measures which now prevail in our land will what is called its Destiny, be decided. Nor can we attach too great importance to the example of individuals—for individuals compose the nation. The popular freedom which is enjoyed here has its risks. We are continually reminded that the price at which we purchase all our privileges exposes us to new responsibilities in their use. The horizon of the future all over the earth is stormy and troubled. Good men are the pilots who alone can safely guide on the destiny of nations. While the world is looking to us for our example, that example may be either an encouragement or a warning. We have no example to follow. We are on a track which no nation ever trod before. The more reverently then should we acknowledge that divine guidance which alone can innocently lead on the life of a single man, and in which a nation must reverently confide as it passes on to its destiny in the brightening shadows of the future. E.

For the Register.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND.

In a lecture of great ability, recently delivered before the Congregational Board of Education in England by Mr. Edward Baines, Jr., we have a statement of facts in relation to the Sunday School system in that country, more perfect and encouraging than any we have before seen, and which will be read with much interest by many of the readers of the Christian Register.

Mr. Baines, speaking of "the modern Era of Popular Education" says, that "first in order of time, and in some respects, even of importance, we speak of Sunday Schools. This great institution dates from the year 1781 or 1782, when the first Sunday School was gathered by Robert Raikes in Gloucester. Nothing can be more simple than the history of the institution. It commanded approbation wherever it became known. There were indeed opponents belonging to the classes which are jealous of every innovation; but they were soon silenced by its rapid and decisive success. All sects adopted it. At first the teachers were paid; but it was found that gratuitous teachers might everywhere be had, who made up by their zeal and religious interest in the work what they might want in technical skill, and whose members also compensated any inferiority to the single paid school-master. Accordingly it was thrown entirely, or with very few exceptions, in gratuitous teaching. The effects have been most blessed. The teachers are almost as much benefitted as the scholars—reaping a moral and spiritual reward for their labors. That thousands of teachers derive intellectual improvement from their exercises for and in the Sunday School, is undoubted; as it is, too, that thousands owe their conversion to its holy influence. Unions and associations of Sunday-school teachers prevail very generally, and are productive of many and great advantages both to the teachers and to the Schools. Who would not tremble at the thought of losing this hallowed, edifying and sanctifying employment for the better instructed youth of our congregations! (Hear.)

The effect of the Sunday School on the working classes must obviously have been most salutary. This would be declared to be inevitable, even by one who had no practical knowledge of the matter. By giving to millions of children a sacred occupation for some hours of the Sabbath, instead of leaving them to range the streets and fields; by giving them the habit of attending religious worship—by placing them under the affectionate instructions of pious, or at least virtuous and benevolent persons, of a rank above their own, and possessing mental cultivation, by establishing bonds of regard between teacher and scholar, which often have an influence beyond the school-days, by the effect on parents of what the children learn, and of the teacher's visits, and above all, by the actual knowledge of Scripture truth imparted to the scholars,—an amount of good is done and of evil prevented which is beyond calculation. Who would not shudder to contemplate the probable state of our population at this moment, had Sunday Schools never existed! (Hear.)

There has been no general enumeration of the scholars in Sunday-Schools, since the Parliamentary return in 1833, at which time there were in England and Wales 16,828 Sunday Schools, containing 1,548,890 scholars. The proportion of scholars to the whole population at that time, was 1 scholar to every 21 1-3 inhabitants. I thought it a moderate estimate in 1846, that is, thirteen years later, to take the number of Sunday Schools at 2,000,000; which would be in the proportion of 1 scholar to every 8½ of the population. I am persuaded, that this proportion would now be an under-estimate.

There has been no general enumeration of Sunday School teachers. But in the returns from the northern manufacturing districts, in 1843, the proportion of teachers to scholars was found to be 1 in 6 1-5; in the recent Welch Reports of the Commissioners, the number of teachers returned is as 1 to 7 1-10 scholars; and in the metropolis, the proportion is 1 teacher to 10 scholars. Perhaps we may assume 1 teacher to 8 scholars as a probable average throughout Wales; in which case, the number of Sunday School teachers will be 250,000. A noble band! The Young Guard of England! (Hear, Hear.) The volunteers of our sacred War! Let them deeply meditate the charge committed to them, and by self-discipline, devotedness, and prayer, ensure success in their blessed enterprise! (Hear.)

A few years ago, it was common for our State Educationists, both official and private, to scoff at the Sunday Schools as a contemptible agency. This tone has now been abandoned. The testimonies to the value of Sunday Schools are too important to be withstood. I select two or three unexceptionable witnesses. Dr. Hook, the Vicar of Leeds, says:—"The *ministry of religious education* is to be found in our Sunday Schools." "The *most earnest*, the *most devoted*, the *most pious* of our several congregations, are accustomed, with meritorious zeal, to dedicate themselves to this great work." Mr. Fletcher, the Government Inspector of Schools, says; "The history of Sabbath Schools would exhibit an amount of self-denial and benevolent devotion, unsurpassed in the annals of philanthropy." Mr. J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, in the official "Instructions" to the Commissioners of Education in Wales, says; "The Sunday School must be regarded as the most remarkable, because the most general, spontaneous effort of the zeal of Christian congregations for education. Its origin, organization, and tendencies are purely religious." Mr. Jelinger C. Symons, one of the Welsh Commissioners, says; "The thousands who throng these schools belong exclusively to the working classes;" "in many places these working people, in their Sunday Schools and Chapels, have *alone kept religion alive*, and have afforded the only effective means of making known the Gospel." "The system is admirable."

Such are the admitted character and working of the Sunday School. Contrast the state of our laboring population before its invention and at the present day, as shown by the facts and authorities laid before you; and say, if a moral and intellectual improvement has not taken place, compared with which all our extended commerce, wealth and dominion are unimportant. (Hear.")

For the Register.

DR. COOLIDGE IN PRISON.

Various accounts having been published regarding the situation of this miserable man, it is enough to say there is hardly a grain of truth in them all—His physical health for instance has rather improved than declined at the Thomaston State-prison, though his mental powers seem to us endangered by his unintermitted confinement, Sundays and week days, to a space seven feet by four.

Undoubtedly he is guilty, though perhaps as an accomplice, not a principal: at any rate public sentiment down East tends to that point. Therefore he ought to suffer. But we have no right to crush his reason or put out the eyes of his soul. Spiritual advisers ought to visit him, and humane men manifest their humanity towards him. He is in no danger of ever being executed, but he is in some danger of what is worse—becoming idiotic! A slender, sensitive, rather effeminate man, with remorse for the past, and despair for the future, may well envy as he does the insensible stones which hold him fast. Our Maine friends should see that this law (substituting in fact imprisonment for capital punishment,) should be more mildly understood—that the murderer should have a tolerable room to work in, more than a dark closet seven by four—profitable books from a prison library—and visits of intelligent Christians, not merely from the very illiterate good man, who is now his only spiritual adviser. Paying three hundred a year for a prison Chaplain, the State gets no doubt its money's worth; but it does itself no honor by this miserliness, nor the public morals any material good.

One's heart almost bleeds in talking with this trembling victim of despair, Coolidge; an eloquent commentary upon the honor and success of *Gambling*. H.

For the Register.

RESULT OF THE COMMUNITY EFFORT.

The Northampton Association of Industry was abandoned under the pressure of a debt of forty thousand dollars. Hopedale has relinquished the community-principle, and goes upon the individual plan. There are a little over seventy persons at present, each family hiring its separate house, except a few who are taken to board.—One gentleman stated that his earnings when constantly employed did not exceed seventy cents a day. Worship is held once on Sunday, and a conference every Thursday evening. And yet two persons of very considerable talent for business have always been connected with this Association. H.

For the Register.

GREENFIELD.

MR. EDITOR,—As I only happen to be here for a day, and am not a resident, I shall speak of the place and of our little church here without the bias of any personal interest; though I cannot but feel an interest in so lovely a spot and so charming a society as is here, speaking particularly of our own little Unitarian flock, now a year and a half shepherdless. The village is all beauty. The whole Connecticut river and valley is a line of beauty as regards its town and adjacent scenery. If it had more variety, especially in the works of men, castles, convents, fortresses &c., like the Rhine, it would deserve to be the subject of a moving panorama—"a voyage up and down the Connecticut," with illustrations, historical, scientific, anecdotical, poetical and oratorical *a la* Bayne and Banvard. The different towns and villages on and near its banks have their peculiar characteristics, but to Greenfield as a village I award the palm of beauty. Brattleboro above has bolder mountains and more sublime scenery about it, but as a village cannot compete with Greenfield for the tastefulness of the houses, and the large spaces between them, the width and greenness of the streets, their levelness and straightness terminating in picturesque vistas, and the deep verdure every where for which the town merits its name. Then, though it has but few mountains in the neighborhood, the views from them are on this very account the more extensive; whereas in B. they are so numerous they stand in one another's way and impede each other's prospects. Let travellers tour up the Connecticut, if they wish a delightful summer jaunt. There is a rail road as far up as Greenfield, generally close along its banks. From there let them take stage and penetrate to the Green or the White mountains, not forgetting to look down into the singular little valley with its striking geological terraces, at the bottom of which Brattleboro is imbedded close to the river. They may take the opportunity to amuse their curiosity or alleviate their maladies by a visit to Wesselhoeft's famous hydropathic establishment there. But while at Greenfield, if they have a sweet soft morning with a blue sky, such mornings as the Connecticut valley abounds in even when the east wind blows, for it knows nothing of your Boston grim exatishness; on such a morning rise early, (I take it for granted you will cut the Christian Register and come yourself after you have read this) and take a stroll to Rocky Mountain, and sit down in the Poet's Seat, and feast your eyes with the miles and miles of lovely prospect. Then continue your walk round or across the cliffs (be careful in descending the steep Alpine path on the western declivity) and gaze at that almost stupendous structure, the railroad bridge 70 feet high above the Deerfield river, spanning that river and the highways each side of it, from the side of one mountain to the side of another. Gaze at it, but do not think of walking across; for if you should meet the cars, either you or they must suffer according to the comparative hardness of your materials. Like the two historical goats that met on the narrow precipice, one would have to lie down and let the other go over, for the bridge was made as dangerous as possible for pedestrians to deter them from it, and drive them to the old toll bridge a little way off.

Be sure in Greenfield to admire our Church. It is a little Doric gem of architectural beauty. The congregation is remarkable for intelligence, refinement, and social worth; or was when there was a congregation; alas! *Troja fuit!* The church is now used by Episcopalians.

A year and and a half ago the staunch little band of worshippers of the one God closed their doors, after unexceeded pecuniary exertions to sustain themselves, and scattered to the four winds ecclesiastically. A little aid continued from the Unitarian Association would have saved this church. It had just provided itself with a superior organ and fine choir, and were making the most praiseworthy sacrifice for its support, more than one gentleman subscribing $50 per annum, which is not usual in the country, when the Unitarian Association saw fit to strike the little bantling off its list of beneficiaries, and send its funds to other places where there was neither church nor society. The king can do no wrong; but in this republic we exercise the right of asking kings their reason. One reason given for this deathstroke to a most interesting and meritorious church was that funds were short with the Association. But it had funds for other and less important fields; why then kill this representative of our faith in the popular and frequented shire town of Franklin county! Another reason given me at the time was that the Greenfield Unitarians did not hold prayer meetings—they were not enthusiastic—they were old fashioned Unitarians, not new lights—they were satisfied to go to church on Sunday, and the rest of the week thought it enough to "do justly, love mercy and walk humbly before God," without extra meetings. They observed the commandment when it says, Six days shalt thou labor, as well as when it says, On the 7th thou shalt rest, and keep it holy. I have no objection to prayer meetings. For those who like them I think the chance is wholly in favor of their spending their time in them better than any where else. But the poor Greenfielders ought not to have been punished for not having got up to that height of fervor yet, and punished by cutting off the supplies of fuel which might have warmed them up to it in time. I hope the case of this little church will be considered, that it may be resuscitated before vitality is entirely extinct. It should not be said to it, put your own shoulder to the wheel before you call upon Jupiter for help, for they have done this. They have made efforts I never heard of in some of the Western places, where the Association is breaking up new ground full of obstacles, while it leaves unsown what has been already cleared, ploughed, and harrowed. But *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. The great remote West looms upon the imagination, and therefore must be fed with the children's bread. Spare them a crumb or two when very hungry, though they don't fatten fast.

The church, as I said, is now in the possession of the Episcopalians of this place, a worthy flock too, with an amiable and venerable man at their head, towering churchman though he be. About a year ago they sold their wooden church to the Methodists, and raised $7000 by the aid of Boston liberality, (they had no Unitarian Association for a stepmother) and set about erecting a fine stone affair which was to have all the gimcrack middle age peculiarities of architecture the Puseyites are now reviving. The upshot of the enterprise is a caution to all who are running wild in our country with a passion for tearing down old churches, and building new ones; and therefore I mention it. The Methodists hauled off their purchase to a pleasant situation, repaired and painted it, and have actually made it a handsomer church than the great stone pile that superceded it. For that has shared the proverbial fate of New England ecclesiastical architecture. From the preparations made, hopes were entertained by the very sanguine that they might flatter themselves on having in it, if not a handsome building, at least a happy escape from the common doom of American churches, viz: to be deformities. But the escape is not entirely successful. It is all roof—more roof than there seems to be any thing to cover—and shingle roof to heavy stone walls. The roof runs up infinitely to a very sharp high ridge,—to make it appropriately a high church, I suppose; this being its only chance for getting high, as the walls are low. Then a very small cupola seems falling off the front end of the ridge, like a very small cocked hat squeezed on to the forehead of a high headed Frenchman. The cross, instead of being on the summit of the cupola, its proper place when there is but one cross, is stuck upon the back end of the roof, as if the object was rather to get it out of sight. It looks as if our worthy friends were a little bashful about it. It ought to be in the most conspicuous position or not at all. At present a mediœvalist would say the arrangement was neither fish nor flesh. The sum total of the matter is—take warning O ye parish committees tingling with architectural ambition—that they will have exchanged a pretty church for an ugly one at an expense of some $10,000 perhaps when it is done, for it is lagging slowly for want of those funds.

As soon as they resolved to build, the Unitarian church was offered freely for their use. But they could not be persuaded to touch it: for had not heresy desecrated the walls! So they went into a public hall that any one might have for any sort of purpose. There they found that misery gives strange bedfellows. They had to fraternize in a manner with itinerant singers, fiddlers, mountebanks, *et id genus omne*. Christmas came. The sacred evergreens were spread over the unhallowed walls, and under their symbolic shade "our admirable Liturgy" was intoned forth solemnly. But in the evening of the same holy day, embowered by the same mystic and now consecrated evergreens, the ungodly strains of the violin, &c., were heard, and a rabble crew of "unchurched dissenters" tripped it on the light fantastic toe. Yea they rushed in for a noisy ball where angels should have feared to tread. This was rather a tough morsel for "the Church" to swallow, but they did it rather than countenance by their use a Unitarian schismshop. However, worse was coming for them. Satan was on the way to them in the shape of what has been called the Devil's House, namely, a theatre. A wandering band of the children of Thespis hired the hall, fixed up their scenery, and when the Sabbath drew near refused to remove the profane fixtures. It could not be done. Here was a hard case for the only true church. Could our admirable Liturgy be read with such associations! Our mortified friends had at the last hour to condescend to accept a very beautiful church free of cost, and have enjoyed quiet possession since, and may, for aught that appears, to the end of the chapter. And so delicately scrupulous have the Greenfield Unitarians been not to jar their high church sensitiveness, that they have ever since forborne the use of the building for their own purposes even during the week, as on funeral occasions, when a Unitarian clergyman has been sent for from some neighboring town. Thus, last week, Sylvester Allen, Esq., was buried, a most estimable man, and principal owner of the church. He had built and sustained it nobly; but it received not his remains when an overflowing assembly of his friends met to pay him their last tribute of respect. His relatives knew the Episcopalian unwillingness to seem mixed up in any way with other denominations, and they scrupulously declined trenching upon it; an act of forbearance which should be made known, that the Greenfield Unitarians may have credit for some grace, though they are so unfortunate as not to have a taste for prayer-meetings. It is to be hoped the delicate kindness would be reciprocated by the church obliged. Doubtless their denomination elsewhere will appreciate the whole conduct of the Unitarians of G. to their homeless brethren, and be anxious to imitate it. Therefore if there is one of our societies any where rebuilding, let them apply for church accommodation in the meanwhile to the nearest Episcopalian church. They can use it at hours that will not interfere with the worship of the proprietors. Without doubt the answer their application will elicit, will show how far the age has got beyond the narrow bigotry that once disgraced and falsified the religion of universal love. H. G. E.

For the Register.

JESUS, THE MANIFESTATION OF THE FATHER.

The last tract of the American Unitarian Association demands some special notice, and ought to receive a very extended circulation. It is the Ordination Sermon at Jamaica Plains: it contains a grand exposition of one of our leading truths: the spirit in which it is written is beyond our commendation: its practical bearing is particularly valuable.

We trust that the friends of Liberal Christianity will obtain quantities of this valuable essay at Crosby & Nichols', and scatter them as extensively as possible. Thousands wait to be undeceived by some such essay as this as to the real bearing of Unitarianism: and we know, from experience, that, the uncontroversial character of the discourse will give it free way where one of a different stamp would find no welcome.

For the Register.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 17; 1848.

The Unitarian Society in this City, which, for some months past, has been without a Pastor, has just given a call to the Rev. R. H. Bacon late of Cambridge Divinity School. The proceedings were characterized with great unanimity, and will result it is hoped in great good to the society and the cause of liberal christianity, as especially manifested by Unitarianism, in this state. When the Rev. Mr. Holland left us for the wider sphere he now occupies, the society was in a prosperous and good condition.—The present movement, if our wishes are acceded to by Mr. Bacon, gives reason to hope that by the blessing of Providence our well being will be continued. Mr. Bacon's exercises have indicated scholarlike acquirements, and earnest and profound thought. Here at all events, where our doctrines are not as well understood as at the East, we must continue to have Unitarianism preached as such, and cannot quite give up the name that has distinguished the denomination—Unitarians are scattered throughout this section in sufficient numbers to form in the large towns and villages respectable congregations. Cannot the effort be made! The circle of Mr. Holland's influence when settled in this place, was wide, although his labors were not directed to the end above suggested. Yet success attended them, as the numerous applications made to the members of the society in Rochester for books and tracts, to be sent sometimes forty and fifty miles into the country abundantly prove. The Unitarian preachers in Western N. Y., Buckingham, May, Holland, and Harris, have worked changes in the religious sentiments of hundreds unconnected with any Unitarian Society.

The late Rev. Mr. Storer of Syracuse, by his unceasing efforts spread our views, by his preaching, and by the circulation of books and tracts, through a wide extent of country—and we see from time to time the good fruits of his apostle-like labors—would that we had more such laborers in the same field. G. F. D.

For the Register.

REV. THEODORE CLAPP.

In the New Orleans Picayune, we notice an excellent discourse on Sunday by Rev. Theodore Clapp, refuting in its spirit and its statements many of the reports which have been circulated to his injury. He defends the day on Christian not Jewish grounds, and urges it strongly on the observance of his people—refuting the usual objections made against a dedication of it to the sanctuary and the closet.

A statement was made by a letter-writer to

this effect—"Even the clergymen and professors of religion go to Church on a Sunday morning, and frequent in the afternoon and evening of the same day the most public places of amusement." No statement could be farther from the truth than this. There is no pastor of any Church in this city who attends public balls and theatres any afternoon of the week.

Mr. Clapp has been very much injured by reports set afloat for base ends by malicious spirits. He has labored year after year with wonderful patience, and sustained interest, in a climate exceedingly trying—amidst circumstances as embarrassing as ever attended the preaching of Christianity. He endures that withering climate without complaint. He holds on steadily without weariness and with no relief. He deserves praise as a missionary, and confidence as an upright man.

For the Register.

REV. PETER EATON, D. D.

Died in South Andover, on the 14th instant, after a short illness, the Rev. Peter Eaton, D.D., senior Pastor of the Congregational Church of West Boxford, aged 83. The funeral services, on the occasion of his death, were performed on Sunday, P. M., the 16th instant, in the church of West Boxford. A large assembly were convened out of respect to the memory of a well-known and faithful minister of Christ, and a truly excellent man. Among the audience we perceived several prominent gentlemen, from neighboring towns, of the legal and medical Professions, as well as many others. The funeral services were in the following order:

1. Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Coggin of East Boxford.
2. Funeral Prayer by Rev. Nathaniel Gage.
3. Eulogy by Rev. Mr. Park, junior Pastor (brother of the Andover Professor).
4. Concluding Prayer by Rev. G. B. Perry, D. D., of East Boxford.
5. Benediction by Rev. Peter Osgood of North Andover.

Several impressive pieces were performed by the Choir.

The occasion was one of deep solemnity, and the services seemed to be responded to by the strong sympathies of the numerous audience.

The Eulogy was conceived in good taste, and writen with propriety and purity, and seemed to give unmingled satisfaction. Though necessarily short, it sketched, with general accuracy, the leading features of Dr. Eaton's character, as a Scholar, a Preacher, a Pastor, and a Man; and bestowed upon him, in all these relations, what, by those who had long known him, would be considered just commendation.

The Rev. Peter Eaton, D. D., was born in Haverhill, Mass., March, 1765. He was graduated at Harvard University, in 1787, one of the recently surviving twelve, out of a class of, I think, 48 members. The Hon. John Q. Adams, Judge Cranch of Washington, the Hon. Leonard White of Haverhill, Rev. Hezekiah Packkard, D. D., and other eminent men were his classmates. He sustained, we are told, an honorable rank as a Scholar, and ever cherished a deep interest in the welfare of the University. On leaving College, he studied Divinity with the Rev. Mr. Adams of West Haverhill, and was settled over the Church and Society of West Boxford in the autumn of 1789. He was the Pastor of the same Church a little more than 58 years, and about 56 years the sole Pastor. He was wise in counsel, and prudent in action, respected and beloved not only by the people of his charge, but, also, by the community at large. Settled on a small salary, during the summer season he was, a part of the time, engaged in agricultural pursuits; a circumstance which, doubtless, contributed, with his uniform temperance, to his firm health and long life. He, also, for many years, received into his family, and guided in their studies, young gentlemen from the University, or others, who were preparing themselves for a Collegiate course of study. His pupils have cause to venerate his memory. In his intercourse with them, were united the wisdom of the sage with the tenderness of a parent. His counsels inspired the love and pointed out the path of excellence.—Though his library was not large, and much of his time was occupied by pursuits foreign to the study of elegant letters, yet men of the most highly cultivated minds and ample requirements found much to interest them in his conversation.

As a Theologian he was, probably, of the Arian rather than the Athanasian School, though he generally kept clear from controversy. He delighted in the society of good men of all denominations. His spirit was large and generous.

As Preacher, his imposing form, the strong and just views of truth which he presented, their practical character, and the evident sincerity with which he spoke, conspired with his weight of character, to render him impressive, and at times quite powerful. His Discourses were heard, with great satisfaction, by gentlemen of intellect and education—I would instance, in particular, the late Hon. Leverett Saltonstall and Charles Saunders Esq., who, for several years, were in the habit of hearing him, for a part of the summer season, and who, in the writer's presence, often spoke of his performances with great respect. In 1820 or near that time, Dr. Eaton preached the Election Sermon, which was published. He also published several other Discourses abounding in strong religious principles—high and pure morality, sterling thoughts and correct taste. He also, near 1820, received the Degree of D. D. from Harvard University.

As a Pastor, he was faithful and affectionate. He entered, deeply, into the sympathies of his people; made their joys and sorrows his own. The honors that came to him, came unsought by him, only as he devoted himself faithfully to those labors and duties, that will always win the approbation of the wise and good. He lived and labored for the good of his people. Though there was, at times, great dignity, in his manner, and never a want of a due degree of it—yet it was so blended with and softened by his warmth of feeling, that his presence was joyfully welcomed by those of every age and condition amongst his people. And they were strongly and justly attached to him. Their union with him and with one another, under his sole ministry, for about 56 years, amidst the changes which have acted upon the religious world and the Pastoral relation, for the better half of that time, is a proof of the wisdom and faithfulness of the Pastor; and highly creditable to the character and good feelings of the people.

As a man, as long as the writer can remember him, Dr. Eaton was looked upon with respect and love by all classes. His character was fitted to inspire confidence and affection. Sincere, frank, generous, the most unquestioning trust was reposed in his integrity of purpose—his high-souled principle. He was faithful to every trust; affectionate in any relation. The regrets of many hearts are awakened at the intelligence of his death. In his last lucid moments, his thoughts were busy with the scenes he had so long frequented—the hearts he had so truly loved—the scenes of his peaceful and useful ministry—the hearts of his affectionate people. His last audible prayer was in behalf of the flock, that, for more than half a century, he had led through the green pastures and by the still waters of life. May that flock breathe his kind spirit—imitate his example of Christian excellence, cherish his memory, and be jewels in his heavenly crown! Dr. Eaton was twice married. His first wife was the daughter of Rev. Mr. Stone of Reading. Three of her children survive. Two sons were educated at Cambridge and entered upon the Profession of the Ministry. His second wife was a widowed lady of highly respectable connections, once of Salem. She survives him.

N. G.

For the Register.

SYLVESTER ALLEN, ESQ.

[The following notice of an influential member of the Unitarian denomination, is copied from the Greenfield Gazettee and Courier of April 18th.]

A brief notice of the death of Mr. SYLVESTER ALLEN, of this place, appeared in the Gazette of last week. A few additional particulars in relation to him will not be without interest to the community in which Mr. Allen for many years occupied an influential position, and by which his unexpected decease is felt as an important loss.

Mr. Allen was born in, or near, Providence, Rhode Island, in 1782. His father was a substantial farmer, and he had the ordinary advantage of a New England education. At the age of fourteen, when engaged with others in the woods in felling timber, in consequence of some misdirection, one of his legs was so crushed by a falling tree as to require amputation. This accident had an important effect upon his future course in life, as it compelled him to adopt some sedentary employment. He went into business first in Newfane, Vt., then in Brookfield, in this state, and afterwards in 1812 in this place. Here his sagacity, economy, and energy, manifested and continued for a long course of years, produced their usual fruits, and placed him among the most prosperous, substantial, and respected of the business men of this region, and among the most valued citizens of this place. Far from seeking public honors, he habitually and steadily declined those which his fellow citizens were inclined to bestow; he was, however, almost from its foundation, a most useful and efficient director of the Bank in this place. He was not an inattentive observer of public matters, and his opinions, well considered and strongly fixed, did much to influence the circle with which he was now intimately connected. His opinions were equally definite and carefully considered on religious subjects, and he was liberal in contribution and effort for their support. In the private relations of life, as a husband, a father, and a friend, those who knew him best had the deepest sense of the quickness of his feelings, and the strength of his attachments. From worldly prosperity, from the attachments of family and friends, three prostrating days of disease took him, with but little notice or opportunity for special preparation; but his memory, as that of an honest man, and a kind and useful citizen, will long remain among us; and the religious principles upon which he relied will aid those who survive to bear with resignation the pain of the last parting.

G. T. D.

BOOK NOTICES.

Our book notices are necessarily deferred, together with considerable matter already set up in type. We mention, however, three sermons, as follows:

Rev. Theodore H. Dorr's Discourse on Rev. Jason Whitman; which can be obtained at the Book Store of Benj. H. Greene, and is a full affectionate, just, well-wrought, and instructive account of its lamented subject.

Rev. John Weiss' Sermon at the Ordination of Mr. Samuel Longfellow at Fall River, with the Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev J. F. W. Ware, and Address by Rev. G. W. Briggs.—Mr. Weiss' Sermon is like the rich discourse of which Tholuck says, that it casts light on every side, like the diamond with its many faces. The exercises of the other gentlemen are of a fine tone, and evangelic character, in every way suited to such an occasion.

Rev. Edward B. Hall's Discourse on the Death of Hon. Henry Wheaton.—Mr. Hall, after some introductory remarks on the kind of men the age needs—men of religious principle, and enlightened and enlarged mind—passes to the subject of his commemoration. The Sermon is of Mr. Hall's usual high order, eloquent, appropriate, impressive. It cannot fail to give the highest satisfaction to the friends of learning and liberal Christianity, of which Mr. Wheaton was so illustrious an ornament.

ORDINATION. Rev. G. W. Weeks, recently of Brookfield, having been invited to and accepted the Pastoral charge of the Unitarian Society in Pomfret, Vt., at their request he was ordained by a Council convened by the First Congregational Church in Brookfield—Rev. W. B. Greene, Pastor. The ordination took place on Wednesday evening the 12th, in that Church. Sermon by Rev. Edward E. Hale of Worcester; Ordaining Prayer by Rev. Alonzo Hill of Worcester; Charge by Rev. W. B. Greene; Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. Geo. S. Ball of Ware. The Rev. Geo. F. Simmons of Springfield, was appointed to address the People by letter.

Mr. Weeks has been a much respected and successful Minister of the Methodist denomination, in Brookfield. [Springfield Repub.

[We received a note from a friend, after the above was set up, from which we take the following additional exercises: Introductory Prayer, Rev. Crawford Nightingale of Cabotville; Reading the Scriptures, Rev. G. F. Simmons of Springfield.]

☞ Hon. Horace Mann has taken his seat in Congress, amid the marked respect of his associates, who were at once prepossessed in his favor by his personal appearance.

☞ We had the pleasure of attending Prof. Wines' first Lecture on the Hebrew Polity and Laws. It fully sustained the high reputation of the Lecturer. The second Lecture is on Wednesday evening next, at the Masonic Temple, commencing precisely at 1-2 past seven.

☞ AN AMERICAN EMEUTE ON THE SIDE OF DESPOTISM. A mass of Washington people, excited by the recent attempt of some slaves to regain their liberty, gathered before the office of the National Era, (Anti-Slavery,) smashed the windows, broke the doors, and did various other injury with brick bats. We are sorry to learn that these slaves, in number 77, who left Washington in a coasting schooner, were overtaken by a Steamer, after they had got far down into the Chesapeake, and brought back to prison.—Can republicanism favor such oppression, and express sympathy with the French people without the grossest inconsistency?

☞ We congratulate the Anti-Slavery Standard on its acquisition of James Russell Lowell as Corresponding Editor.

☞ Pres. Everett's Eulogy, last Saturday in Faneuil Hall, held the attention of the immense assembly two hours. He did not once recur to his notes, and his discourse flowed on like a noble river.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The packet ship Duchess D'Orleans arrived at New York on Thursday morning. It brings Paris dates to the 26th, and those of London to the 25th. The news is highly important. France remains in a state of great excitement. The Commercial pressure continues, and the wants of the poorer classes, from the stagnation of business, fill the wealthy with alarm lest they become victims to the spirit of insubordination.

The revolutionary spirit is spreading and has caused an entire revolution in Prussia. Galignani's Messenger of 24th ult, publishes a telegraph despatch dated at Metz, which states that a Republic has been proclaimed in Berlin. The king has been dethroned, and his ministers arrested. The Paris *Commerce* of the 25th confirms the news. It says: "This time the news is official." The Provisional Government had received by telegraph the same information, which was posted at the Bourse. The Prince of Prussia has left for England.

It is also confidently reported that there is a revolution in Poland.

The Emperor of Russia was excited and alarmed at the state of things in France, and other parts of Europe, and maintains great activity in his War Department.

In other parts of Europe—in Hanover, Bavaria, Genoa, Naples &c.—there are great commotions.

In Lombardy, the revolutionary movement was perfectly successful, after a severe struggle, and the loss of many lives.

The King of Naples has yielded every thing demanded by the people.

The Jesuits had been expelled from Malta.

VIEW OF EVENTS IN PARIS, *by an Eye-Witness.* The Dover Enquirer gives an interesting letter from Rev. Mr. Parkman, of that place, dated Paris, March 7th, from which we make the following extracts:

"The Royal Palace shared the fate, in a degree, of all places taken by assault—many things were broken and burned—but even in fifteen minutes after the throng entered, guards chosen from the very lowest classes, were set to protect property, and every one was searched as he left, to see if he had taken any thing.

"It was odd enough to see workmen, two days after, smoking their pipes in the throne room and royal bedchambers; but I was astonished on passing through, with some thousands of the dregs of the people, to find that not a mirror or a chandelier was broken, and that statues, cabinets, clocks, and very many other of the richest articles, remained as they were before. Private property has been everywhere respected. Every one now, apparently feels as safe as when an army of 95,000 men was within call, and a policeman was at every corner. One cannot prophecy as to what will be, but thus far the conduct of the people has been *sublime*. Twenty-five thousand of the most prominent agitators are enlisted in the National Guard to *keep order!*—which they do effectually—and the rest of the workmen are gradually returning to work, to earn their thirty or 40 cents a day, while all the wealth of Paris lies at their mercy and fears not. The poor King—I think as every body else thinks, it would seem, in England as well as here—deserves his fate. He went away in an omnibus—worth twelve millions, he had to solicit of strangers a few francs to keep him on his journey. So precipitate was his flight that he took no clothes save those he had on, and arrived, the papers tell us, in England, in a borrowed pea-jacket. With an army ten days ago of 400,000 men, he went away with one servant only.

"We Americans are very glad that our Minister was the first to recognize the new government. We went, some two or three hundred of us, yesterday, to the Hotel de Ville, to tender our congratulations—having had a "meeting" on the subject. Yesterday 600,000 citizens and soldiers passed in a grand procession before our windows with the bodies of the victims of the three days."

Rev. Prof. H. B. Smith, of Amherst College, is to deliver the Oration before the Literary Societies at Vermont University, next Commencement, Aug. 2., and John G. Whittier has been elected Poet.

☞ Rev. Dr. Gilman, of Charleston, S. C., is to deliver the Dudleian lecture, at Harvard, this year, 10th May, on "Revealed Religion." Rev. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, Conn. delivers the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Aug. 24th, and also the sermon to the graduating class of the Theological School, July 14.

TEMPERANCE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE. The question of license or no license which was submitted to the people of New Hampshire by the State Legislature, has resulted in favor of a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors except for medicinal and mechanical purposes. The vote in twenty-eight towns which have been heard from stands, 4134 to 1419.

THE DIFFERENCE. At the dedication of the Hancock School, in Boston, Mr. Mann stated as an interesting fact, that for the last ten years, the expenditures of the city of Boston for Schools, were equal to the whole expenditure for schools in England, by the government for 17,000,000 of people. They had kept pace with each other from year to year.

PURCHASE ST. CHURCH. The Unitarian Meeting House at the corner of Purchase and Pearl streets, has been sold to Mr. Andrew Carney, for the future use of a Catholic Society, for about $30,000. The Society now worshipping there, under the pastoral charge of Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge, has nearly completed the erection of a new church on the corner of Beach street and Harrison Avenue. [Courier.

☞ WARREN STREET CHAPEL. The Annual Meeting of the Association for the support of the Warren Street Chapel, will take place on Sunday Evening, April 23d, at 7 o'clock, at the Chapel.

Mr. Barnard's Report will be read and several gentlemen will address the meeting.

☞ The Friends of the Chapel are respectfully invited to attend. april22

☞ BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY. The Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Book and Pamphlet Society for choice of Officers, will be held on Wednesday, the 26th instant, at 4 o'clock, P. M., at No. 124 Washington Street. april22

☞ THE NORFOLK COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY, will hold its *Twentieth* Annual Meeting on Thursday, April 27, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in Braintree, at the Meeting-house of Rev. Dr. Storrs.

☞ A Sermon is expected from Rev. S. B. Babcock of Dedham.

WM. A. PEABODY, Secretary.
East Randolph, April 22, 1848.

☞ REV. MR. WATERBURY, will deliver a Discourse before the Young Men's Total Abstinence Society on Sunday Evening, 23d inst, at his Church in Bowdoin Street. april22

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Thursday, 13th inst, by Rev Dr Young, Mr Charles Ferrin to Miss Charlotte Ward, both of Dedham.

9th inst, by Rev Dr Barrett, Mr Braddock Loring to Miss Isabel W., daughter of Isaac Russ, Esq., of Dexter, Me.

In Claremont, N. H., 3d inst, by Rev Mr Willis, Mr Joseph Burrage, Jr., of Cambridge, Mass., to Miss Sarah N. Breed, of Unity.

In Charlestown, N. H., Amasa Rice, Esq., of Pittsfield, Mass., to Miss Sarah D. Hubbard of C.

In Springfield, April 5, Mr Z. Porter Putnam of Ludlow, to Miss Lucia Chapin of Springfield. April 10, Mr Sidney Baldwin of Cabotville, to Miss Olive D Chapin of Springfield.

In New Bedford, 11th inst, Mr Nathaniel W. Perry of Easton, to Miss Ruth A. Brown, of that city.

In Fitchburg, 5th inst, by Rev Calvin Lincoln, John Upton to Miss Louisa C. Willis.

In New York, on the morning of 4th inst, Captain Richard D. Wood to Miss Rebecca, daughter of Capt. Charles Wood, all of New Bedford.

In New York city, on Tuesday evening, 11th inst, by Rev Mr Farley of Brooklyn, Mr William H. Metcalf of Milwaukie, Wisconsin, to Miss Caroline, daughter of Thomas Tileston, Esq., of that city.

At Brooklyn, on Sunday evening, the 9th inst, by Rev Mr Farley, Mr Augustus Norton to Miss Elizabeth Wadsworth, both of Eastport, Me.

DEATHS.

In this city, 17th inst, Mary Ann, wife of Mr James Withington, and daughter of Mrs Mary Barry, 40.

In Charlestown, on Sunday, 9th inst, Mr Loring Barker, 33.

In Taunton, 8th inst, of consumption, Mr Seth W. Presbrey, 31.

In Lynn, 7th inst, of dropsy, Mrs Huldah B. Gibson, daughter of Sylvanus Newhall, 48. In the last six years at forty different operations, 750 pounds of water were taken from her.

In Keene, N. H., at the house of her son, Dr. Chas. G. Adams, Mrs Sarah Adams, 86, widow of the late Dr Daniel Adams of Keene; and the last member of the immediate family of the late Benj. Goldthwaite, Esq., deceased, of Boston.

In Troy, N. H., 12th inst, Mr Joseph Forristall, 90. He was a brave soldier of the Revolution and with the American Army at Saratoga when General Burgoyne surrendered his forces. For some years past Mr Forristall has received a pension from the government for his services and devotion in the war of the Colonies against the mother country.

In Providence, on Tuesday evening, April 11th, Mary Robinson, daughter of Benjamin Balch, 3 years 1 month 5 days.

ANOTHER SEVERE CASE OF ASTHMA
IN NEW HAMPSHIRE CURED BY DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.

SETH W. FOWLE, Dear Sir:—Having for a long time been troubled with Asthma in its worst form, and after having tried various remedies, all to no effect, I bought of your agent, A. Rowe, one bottle of the Balsam of Wild Cherry, which relieved me very much. I have continued to use the same as the disease returns upon me, and find it always relieves when nothing else will; and further, I have no doubt, could I have had the Wild Cherry in the first stages of the disease, that it would have entirely cured me. I can confidently recommend it as a very valuable medicine for all lung complaints.

BENJAMIN ROBINSON.

New Hampton, April 5, 1846.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE, 138 Washington street, Boston, and by Druggists generally. april22

MEMOIR AND SERMONS. Now in press, and will be published in May, *A Volume of Sermons*, by the late Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, D. D., of Springfield, Mass. This volume will be accompanied with a Memoir of the Author, by his Brother, the Rev. O. W. B. Peabody of Burlington, Vt.

BENJ. H. GREENE, Publisher,
april22 3t 124 Washington st.

CHRISTIAN VIEWS,—or Discourses, Doctrinal, Practical and Devotional, designed for the candid, serious consideration of all denominations of Christians, by the Author of the Christian Layman, 1 vol. 62½ cents. This day published by

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Adam's New Arithmetic is almost the only work on Arithmetic used in extensive sections of New England. It has been adapted to the currency of, and republished, in Canada. It has also been translated and re-published in Greece. It is used in every part of the United States; and in the State of New York, is the Text Book in ninety-three of the one hundred and fifty-five Academies which reported to the Regents of the University in 1847. Notwithstanding the multiplication of Arithmetics, made up, many of them, of the *material* of Adam's New Arithmetic, the work has steadily increased in the public favor and demand.

Teachers, Superintendents and Committees are respectfully invited to examine the revised edition, every facility for which will be furnished by the Publishers.

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The house is situated in Watertown, near the Watertown and West Cambridge Depot, on the FITCHBURG RAILROAD, six miles from Boston, in the midst of extensive and diversified grounds, in the immediate vicinity of the well known Wellington Hill, commanding a wide and beautiful prospect; is well warmed, well ventilated, and supplied with an abundance of pure spring water in each story; also a bathing room, containing a douche, shower bath, &c. &c.

Mr. C. E. How is Teacher of the Piano and Singing. The Summer Quarter will commence on Monday the 13th of May.

REFERENCES.—Prof. Beck, Rev. R. M. Hodges, Cambridge, Jas. Brown, Esq., (Little & Brown,) Boston.

For further particulars, address Mr and Mrs Mack, care of S. O. Mead, Esq., Boston.
Dec. 1st, 1847. oslyr april22

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Milton, April 11, 1848. 1stf april15

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DORR'S DISCOURSE ON WHITMAN. Just published, by BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Washington street,—A Discourse on the Life and Character of the late Rev. Jason Whitman, delivered in the First Congregational Church in Lexington, Feb. 27, 1848, by Rev. Theodore H. Dorr, Minister of the Second Congregational Society in Lexington. 3t april8

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POETRY.

For the Register.

A SONG FOR TWILIGHT.

"The day goeth away—the shadows of evening are stretched out." [Jeremiah.

So the pleasant day is ended,
Twilight shadows stretch afar;
Noiselessly the veil descended,
Pierced by evening's rising star.

Slowly from the landscape vanish
Sluggish stream and rock and hill;
Chilling dews and breezes banish
Pleasant sounds, and all is still.

Birds and insects without number
Scarcely rested on the wing,
Till the evening called to slumber
With its spirit whispering.

Beautiful this tranquil pausing—
Breathing space in time's swift flight;
Inward aspiration causing
For a freer boon of light;—

Light that fades not when declineth
In the western sky the sun;
But the beam that brighter shineth
When our earthly day is done.

Night must come and stars will glisten
Over earth's cerulean dome;
These will set, but, trembler, listen,—
One that fades not guides you home!

H. J. W.

[We have selected the following from WORDSWORTH. We only regret that the length of the Ode prevents our inserting the whole of it.]

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY,

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the Birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young Lambs bound,
As to the tabor's sound.
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.

* * * * * * *

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our Life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

* * * * * * *

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new fledged hope still fluttering in his breast;
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;—
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprized;
And for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence; truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor:
Nor Man, nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
What though the radiance, which was once so bright,
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower,
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathies
Which having been must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Hindoo Anchorite.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

Kanous, a hermit of Hindoo, had suffered severely, because, after he had avowed himself to the life of a saint, he became desperately enamored of a beautiful girl of inferior caste, whom the laws forbade him to marry. The more sinful it was represented, the stronger became the temptation; according to that powerful law of human nature which impels man to desire most that which is forbidden. After a terrible conflict with himself, he resigned his aspirations after a saintly character, and hid himself in the depths of the forest with his beloved. There she bore him a son, and there she lived four years without seeing a human face beyond her own little circle. Excepting the spiritual conflict which was now and then renewed within him, the hermit was as happy as Robinson Crusoe might have been, if instead of being waited upon by his man Friday, he had found some gentle, pretty Fayaway. He built his hut under a great bower of verdure, formed by interlacing trees, of luxuriant East Indian growth, through which the sunshine cast a golden glimmer. Gorgeous parrots glanced about in the bright atmosphere, and swarms of bees hummed cheerfully at their work among the flowers. A small river flowed near by, on which sailed troops of dazzling white swans. No sound was heard there, except the buzz of insects, the song of birds, the cry of wild deer, and the voice of the hermit chanting hymns to his gods.

Very beautiful was the boy who grew there alone with nature. He was flexible as an osier, nimble as a fawn, and a whole tropical heaven looked out from his ardent eyes. It was truly an Eden for love and childhood; but the demon Fear cast his shadow there. The poor hermit could not, for any length of time, dispel the idea that he was forfeiting hopes of paradise hereafter, by thus making to himself a paradise below. His eyes melted with tenderness as he gazed on the beautiful child sleeping on the breast of his beautiful mother; then he would turn away and sigh at the thought that for loving them so dearly, he might be obliged to return on earth again in some inferior shape; perhaps in that of a pariah, a goat, or even an ape.

When the little Manou was three years old, his mother died. The hermit buried her in the silent forest, and then there came over him in his loneliness a renewed desire to be purified from every earthly stain, to rise above every human affection, and become completely absorbed in the contemplation of the Divine Being. But the little one clung to his heart-strings, and tied him to this earth. He resolved to forego extraordinary pilgrimages and penances, until the boy became a man; for the sacred books assured him, that in fulfilling the duties of a father, he was doing something for his own happiness in a future existence; and in this particular their teachings harmonized with the promptings of his own heart. But what if he should die while Manou was still in his childhood? Die without atoning for his human enjoyment by severe penances and mortifications of the body? He shuddered at the possibility of coming into the world again in the form of a pariah or an ape. Thus did a spectral theology haunt his brain, in various forms it has haunted the brains of thousands. Meanwhile the friendly old earth carried him on her bosom, and soothed him with murmuring waters, the song of birds, and the prattle of his little Manou.

The hermit's most earnest wish was to have his son renowned as a saint; and in order to keep him perfectly safe from the temptation which had dragged him downward in his own saintly career, he resolved that he should never hear there was such a being in the world as woman. The child pined for his mother at first, but never hearing her name mentioned, he at last forgot her. He spent his youth in gathering wild grain, fruit and flowers, offering sacrifices to the gods according to the instruction of his father, feeding his tame deer, and learning portions of the Vedas* by heart. Never coming in contact with any of the stormy passions of life, his countenance was singularly calm and innocent; but in the languid dreaminess of his eye, there was something that indicated latent fire.

Existence passed smoothly and pleasantly with him, till he attained his fifteenth year. At that time it chanced that a portion of the British army passing across the country to a new destination, came into the neighborhood, and were quietly encamped for a few days among the surrounding hills. A company of officers, one or two of them with wives and children, took an excursion in the forest to enjoy the beauty of the scenery. Manou, wandering as usual in search of fruits and flowers to offer to the gods, heard such sweet sounds as he had never heard before. He stopped and listened eagerly. Did they come from birds in paradise? As he stood gazing all round him in the air, the tones ceased; then suddenly they burst forth again in livelier measure. He followed them, and drew ever nearer, pausing to listen with timid wonder. At last, he came within sight of a vision that almost gave him wings. A lad with the European complexion, which Manou had never seen, was leaning against a tree warbling on his flute, and a fair young girl was singing while she playfully fastened wild flowers in his hair. Never in human eyes shone a light so intense as beamed from the young Hindoo! He was afraid to speak, he was almost afraid to breathe, lest the lovely vision should vanish. The maiden searching for new flowers skipped through the bushes that separated them, but when she met the steadfast eagerness of his gaze, she screamed, and fled, dropping half her flowers. When Manou recovered from his astonishment, he sprang after them, but they were nowhere to be seen.

The quick tropical blood leaped in his veins under this new excitement; and when he entered the hut, his father was instantly struck with fire in his eyes, and the flush on his cheek. "Oh, father," he exclaimed, I have seen two such beautiful creatures! One young man, not at all like me, made such delightful sounds with something he held to his mouth! But the other! oh, how beautiful he was! His eyes were like a piece of the sky, and his hair was like the sunshine. He wore a long robe, almost to his feet, and he sprang through the bushes like a deer. I did not know there was anything in this world so beautiful! Who do you think they were? Did they come from that Europe you have told me about? I will make you a staff to-morrow, and we will walk till we find them."

The hermit easily guessed that his son had seen an English girl; and to divert his mind from the idea of going in pursuit of her, he said quietly, "How does my son know that he has not seen a vision of Gandharvas † and Asparas? "‡

"I did not think of that," replied Manou; "only when I first heard the sounds, they seemed to me to come from Paradise." But this explanation did not cure his restlessness. As he lay down on his couch of leaves at night, he inquired, "Do the Gandharvas live with the Asparas, father?"

"They are much together," replied the old man.

Manou was still for a long time, and the hermit supposed he had fallen asleep; but again he broke the silence of the night by asking, "Father, shall I ever become one of those spirits of sweet sounds!"

"Perhaps you may, my son, when you die, if you fulfil all your duties, sacrifice often to the gods, subdue the senses, and think no evil thoughts."

"What is it to subdue the senses!" he asked.

"It is not to eat when you are hungry, or drink when you are thirsty, or sleep when you are drowsy."

"And what are evil thoughts!" enquired the guileless babe of fifteen.

The hermit found it difficult to answer in a manner intelligible to the inexperienced youth. "To wish to kill anything, or harm anything, is having an evil thought," he replied; "but silence is best for you now, my son."

Obedience is among the greatest of Hindoo virtues, and therefore Manou spoke no more; but he lay long awake, wondering that it was possible to wish to kill anything. Extreme reverence for Nature, inculcated by the pantheistic creed of his country, had taught him that it was a sin to throw a stone at a bird, or even to pull fruit too violently, lest the tree should be unnecessarily wounded; and the degree of hardness that could commit murder was to him inconceivable. But pleasanter ideas chased away these disturbing thoughts, and he fell asleep to dream of flower-nymphs and musicians of the air.—When he woke, the music of his dream still sounded so audibly in his spiritual ear, that he started and looked round in search of the lovely vision he had seen the preceding day. The first question he asked was, "Father, if I do not eat when I am hungry, nor drink when I am thirsty; if I sacrifice constantly to the gods, and obey you, and feed everything but myself, how long will it be before I can become a Gandharva!"

The gentle-hearted hermit looked at him with a sort of mournful reproach, as if he would have said, "Are you then so anxious to leave me alone, my son?" But he quelled the human feeling, and calmly answered, "It may be ten years, or it may be a hundred, or it may be a thousand. I cannot tell how many forms you will be obliged to take, or how long you may remain in them. But if you do your duties well, and mortify the body, you may become something much higher and holier than a Gandharva, You may become entirely absorbed in the Divine Mind, and enjoy eternal beatitude."

"I should like to be a Gandharva fifty thousand years," replied Manou; "for they have those beautiful Asparas for companions. To have an Aspara sing to me, and smile in my face while she placed flowers in my hair, would not that be divine beatitude!"

The hermit groaned, and called his son to their morning sacrifices. The youth performed all his duties with redoubled zeal, but he was evidently absorbed with the one idea that had taken possession of him. He lingered about the grove where he had heard the flute, and often waited there for hours. When sunlight gleamed through the foliage, he hoped it was the golden-haired Aspara. When shadows floated over the ground, he thought the beautiful objects of his vision were hovering near him, though unseen. He gathered up the flowers which the maiden had dropped among the bushes, and reverently preserved them in baskets of moss. He said their souls had gone away and become sweet sounds. Perhaps they would come to him when he was at Gandharva, and when he breathed them forth again in heavenly tones, they would become flowers far more beautiful than they had been. Men would call them fragrant and graceful, but only the flower-nymphs and the music-spirits would know that their fragrance was a song.

Day by day, he ate less, and his dark eyes became larger and more luminous. The maiden, whom he supposed to be a nymph, was always in his dreams. Again and again, he asked, "Why will not my soul go out of this body, that I may become a Gandharva."

At last, by starvation and intense longing, he wasted away and died. The old hermit buried him tenderly, and on the grave of his innocent and beloved child, he shed his last tear, and struggled with his last human emotion. He did not know that the poetic, loving, intense spirit of the child carried with him all his remembrances of moonlit groves, and dream music, and flower-nymphs, and peformed another human pilgrimage in the form of Mozart, before it became a Gandharva.

On himself, he felt that the greatest of Hindoo afflictions had fallen; for he had now no child to offer funeral sacrifices for him, when he departed from the body; and this his creed taught him was essential to the future welfare of his soul. But he meekly accepted this destiny as a punishment he deserved. "Nothing remains for me now," he said, "but severe penance for my sins, and a remote hope that, by complete annihilation of the body, I may finally attain to complete absorption in the Divine Mind, and thus remain in immortal paradise." He made terrible vows of self-torture, and fulfilled them. Day and night he stood on tiptoe without food. In summer he exposed himself to the hot sunshine, and in winter he lived in the water.—Finally, he made a vow to walk a thousand miles with his arms perpetually stretched upward. But before he had half fulfilled his task, the poor abused body fell down exhausted, and strangers hid it in the earth. [Union Magazine.

* The sacred books of the Hindoos.

† The spirits of tuneful sounds, celestial musicians of the air, believed in by Hindoos.

‡ Nymphs of Hindoo mythology.

From the Child's Friend.

SCENES OF WAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF A. DUMAS.

Our young friends will not be displeased, we trust, at again meeting with the good old peasant who owned Pierrot. As one sin and one bad disposition inevitably brings on another, so the virtues will always be found hand in hand; and the boy or man who is invariably merciful to his beast, will more easily rise to the high Christian virtue of forgiveness of his enemy, than he who allows himself to neglect the claims even of the meanest animal.

But the title given to the following narrative designates its purpose; which is not more to direct the reader's attention to the sublime virtue of the peasant, than to the treatment to which he was subjected, to the cruel lawless insolence, and brute violence sanctioned and engendered by ALL WARS.

I said to the peasant who owned Pierrot, "You have dropped a word in your story which I have treasured up."

"What was it?"

"You said that you became acquainted with the French in the time of Massena."

"A little."

"And had you something to do with them?"

"Ah! with one—a jackanapes, though he was a captain."

"Will you tell me about it?"

"Well! it was on the morning of the battle, Sept. 29. I remember it like yesterday, though it is now thirty-five years ago! How time runs! I had been married eight days; I then hired the house which I now own. I had slept at Ibach, and on coming out of the town I was arrested by four grenadiers. They conducted me into the presence of the General. I did not know what they meant to do with me.

'Do you speak French?' said he to me.

'It is my language.'

'How long have you been in this country?'

'Five years.'

'And are you acquainted with it?'

'Humph! To be sure, I think I am.'

'Very well!——Captain,' continued the General, turning to an officer who was awaiting his orders, 'here is the man you want. If he guides you faithfully, let a reward be given to him; if he betrays you, shoot him.'

'You hear,' said the Captain.

'Yes, your Honor,' I replied.

'Well, forward march.'

'Where to?'

'I will tell you presently.'

'But'——

'On with you—no buts, or I knock you down.'

As no answer could be made, I marched on. We entered the valley, and when we had gone beyond Schonenbuch, where the van of the French posts was, 'Now,' said the Captain, looking me in the face, 'we must change our direction; you must turn either to the left or the right, and conduct us above the village of Muotta, where we have something to do, and be careful that we fall in with no divisions of the enemy, for I warn you that at the first shot'—and taking a musket out of the hands of a soldier who was carrying two, he turned it round like a pike and brought the butt end of it within two inches of my head—'I knock you down.'

'But yet,' said I, 'it would not be my fault, if,'—

'There you are fore-warned; comport yourself accordingly, not a word more—march.'

There was silence through the ranks; we entered on the mountain, as it was necessary to conceal our march from the Russians, who were at Muotta. I gained those pine trees you see, and which extend beyond my house. Arriving in my own neighborhood, I turned to the captain—'Will your Honor permit me,' said I, 'to inform my wife!'

'Ha! rascal,' said the captain, giving me a blow between my two shoulders with the butt end of his musket, 'you would betray us.'

'I, your Honor, no!'

'Silence! and march on.'

There was nothing to be said, as you see. We passed within fifty paces of the house, without my being able to say one word to my poor wife. I was pitiably vexed. At last, through an opening we perceived Muotta. I pointed it out to him with my finger, not daring to speak any more. The Russians appeared advancing on the road.

'It is well,' said the captain—'Now, the object is, to conduct us as near as possible to these gentry, without being seen.'

'That,' said I, 'is very easy; there is a spot where the thicket descends within fifty paces of the road.'

'The same in which we now are!'

'No, another; there is a plain between the two, but the second thicket will prevent our being seen, when we emerge from the first.'

'Lead us to the place you speak of, and take care that they do not see us; for at their first movement I knock you down.'

We returned upon our steps, for I wished to take every possible precaution against our being seen, as I was convinced that the atrocious captain would do just as he said. At the end of a quarter of an hour we reached the border of the wood; the distance from one to the other was nearly half a quarter of a league. All seemed tranquil around us. We had entered on the vacant space; so far was well, but behold: on arriving within twenty paces of the other thicket, a furious discharge of musketry burst from it.—'Oh, but stop,' said I to the captain, 'it appears that the Russians have entertained the same purpose as yourself.' I had not time to say more; it seemed as if a mountain came down on my head; it was the butt-end of the captain's musket. I saw fire and blood, but I saw nothing more afterward, and I fell.

When I returned to my senses it was night. I did not know where I was, I was ignorant of what had befallen me; I remembered nothing, but perceived only that my head was tremendously heavy. I put my hand to it, I felt that my hair was matted to my forehead, I saw that my shirt was soaked in blood. Around me were dead bodies. I then recollected all.

I wished to rise, but it seemed to me as if the ground trembled, and I was forced to lean on my elbow until I had recovered my strength a little. I remembered a brook, which flowed a short distance from the place where I was. I dragged myself thither on my knees. I bathed my wound and took a few swallows of water, which did me good. I then thought of my poor wife, and of the uneasiness she must suffer; this restored my courage. I ascertained whereabouts I was, and though still staggering, began to move homeward.

It appeared that the troop to whom I had served as guide, had retreated by the same path through which I had conducted them; for all along the road I found dead bodies, though in smaller numbers the farther I went. At length, I reached a place where they ceased altogether; either that the little column had there changed the direction of its course, or that I had arrived where the enemy had discontinued the pursuit. I marched on about a quarter of an hour; at last I perceived my house. Between it and the wood there was a vacant space, where we pastured our cattle, and at about two-thirds of the distance over it, I espied by the light of the moon, something lying that resembled a man. I went towards the object in question. After advancing a few steps, I no longer doubted; it was an officer. I saw the glistening epaulettes; I stooped over him; it was my captain.

I then shouted, as was my custom when returning, that I might announce my approach from a distance; my wife knew my voice, and came out; I ran to her; she fell into my arms almost dead. She had passed a dreadfully anxious day. They had fought in the neighborhood of the house. She heard the discharge of musketry all day, and the roar of cannon overpowering the musketry.

I interrupted her to show her the captain's body.

'Is he dead!' cried she.

'Dead or not,' I replied, 'he must be carried into the house. If he be still alive, we may perhaps succeed in restoring him; if he is dead, we will send back his papers, together with his epaulettes which are very valuable, to his regiment, as they may be of consequence. Go, and get ready his bed.'

Rose ran to the house. I took the captain in my arms and carried him along, stopping to rest more than once, as I was not very strong myself; at last I reached it as best I could. We undressed the captain; he had three bayonet thrusts in his breast, but still was not dead.

You may depend upon it that I was in a perplexity, being no surgeon. But I thought that wine, which does good to the inside, could do no harm to the outside. I poured a bottle of the best into a soup dish, dipped compresses into it, and applied them to his wounds. During this time, my wife, who like all peasant-women of our mountain was acquainted with different medicinal herbs, went out to gather some by moonlight—the time when they possess most efficacy.

It seemed as if my compresses had been beneficial to the captain, for at the end of ten minutes he heaved a sigh: in a quarter of an hour he opened his eyes, though without being able to see; if a room full of gold had been given to me, I should not have been more pleased. At length his eyes recovered animation, and after having wandered round the room, they were fixed on me. I saw that he recollected me.

'Well! captain,' I joyfully said to him—'supposing now that you had killed me!"——

On hearing this,* I leaped up; the words were the sublime of Christianity.

"Fifteen days afterward," continued the old man, "the captain rejoined his regiment—the day but one following, an aid-de-camp brought me five hundred francs from General Massena. I then bought the house which I had hired, as well as the field that surrounds it."

"And what was the captain's name?"

"I never asked him."

Thus this old man had been assassinated and had saved his assassin's life, but without harboring in his heart either sufficient resentment on account of the injury he had received, or sufficient pride on account of the benefit he had conferred, to wish to learn the name of the man who owed him his life, and from whom he had been so near receiving death.

"I shall be more curious than you were," I rejoined, "for I wish to know your name."

"James Elsener, at your service," said the old man, taking off his hat in order to salute me, and thus unconsciously revealing to sight the scar of the wound which the butt-end of the captain's musket had inflicted on him. L. O.

*Here Dumas speaks in his own person.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

In an old England primer, the whole edition, by the omission of the single letter *c*, at the beginning of a word in the third line, was printed as follows—

"When the last trumpet soundeth,
We shall not all die;
But we shall all be *hanged*
In the twinkling of an eye."

One of an amusing nature had *nearly* occurred in a work of the Rev. Dr. ——, of England, one of the most distinguished living writers of the day, whose works are equally well known on both sides of the Atlantic. The Doctor had a proof sheet sent him from the printer's, in which a passage from Job ii. 4, was printed as follows—"Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his 'wife.'" The Doctor returned it with the last word corrected "life." This correction, however, escaped the compositor's notice; and soon, back came the "revise," with the same expression, "all that a man hath will he give for his 'wife.'" This time, the Doctor, partly for the sake of a joke, and partly to attract the attention of the compositor, sent back the proof with this expressive sentence written on the margin, opposite the word "wife."—"This depends upon circumstances."

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

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[Extract from recommendation by Rev J. Martineau.]

LIVERPOOL, July 27, 1846.

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march18 eopos&is6mos

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CHARLES W. GOODNOW.

april15 1tisostf

DANCING AND THE CALISTHENIC EXERCISES,

Minerva Hall, 339 Washington street

MR. SULLIVAN, Professor of Dancing and Calisthenics, just arrived in this city from London and Paris respectfully announces to the Ladies and Gentleman of Boston, that he has now opened in the above Hall for the purpose of giving instruction in the most admired and fashionable Dances which he has acquired from the eminent Professors, Mons. E. Coulon and Cellarius, in the above cities.

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oct23 GEORGE B. FOSTER.

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